Volume X. OCTOBER, 1895. Number 10.

*The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches accepts the religion of Jesus, holding, in accordance with his teaching, that practical religion is summed up in love to God and love to man.*

# THE UNITARIAN

## A MAGAZINE OF LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY.

Eliot Rev T L Jan 96

### CONTENTS.


The Glory of the Present Hour . . . 433
*Rev. Frank L. Phalen*
Perhaps To-day . *Rachel B. MacMullin* 437
Salvation: What it is and is not . . . 437
*H. W. Crosskey, LL.D., F.G.S.*
Hidden Treasures . . *Maud L. Cotton* 442
Savonarola: a Sketch. I . . . . . 443
*S. Fletcher Williams*
Somewhere . . *Philip Falconar Deane* 446
The Vision of Rabbi Zeb . *E. L. R.* 447
Praying to Christ . *Martha Perry Lowe* 449
Toleration in Religion . . . . . 451
*Edwin Burt Beckwith*
Passing Joy . . . . . *Elizabeth Hill* 452
The Growth of Religion . . . . . 453
A Vacation Glimpse of England . . . 454
*J. T. Sunderland*
An Epitaph . . . . . *C. Leech* 457
Divinity in Humanity *W. H. Fish, Sr.* 457
The Shrewd Layman . . . . . 458
Types of the Spirit . . . *M. Bicknell* 459
The Mist . . . *Hattyng Griswold* 460
The National Conference . . . . . 460
One Upward Look Each Day . . . . 462
Editorial . . . . . 464
Departments:
American Unitarian Association . . 468
*George Batchelor*
Sunday-schools . *Edward A. Horton* 469
National Alliance of Unitarian Women . . . . . 471
Guilds . . . . . *George W. Cooke* 471
Temperance Work . . . . . 472
*Christopher R. Eliot*
Literary Notes . . . . . 473
Children's Corner . . . . . 474


### NEWS FROM THE FIELD.


National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, 475; Athol, Mass., 476; Bath, N.H., 476; Battle Creek, Mich., 476; Boston, Mass., 476; Chelsea, Mass., 477; Concord, N.H., 477; Farmington, Me., 477; Gardner, Mass., 478; Ithaca, N.Y., 478; Lynn, Mass., 478; Milton, Mass., 478; Newburg, N.Y., 478; Newburyport, Mass., 478; Oakland, Cal., 479; Peterboro, N.H., 479; Portland, Ore., 479; Roslindale, Mass., 479; Salem, Mass., 479; San Diego, Cal., 480; San Francisco, Cal., 480; Shelbyville, Ill., 480; Toledo, Ohio, 480; West Paris, Me., 480.


GEO. H. ELLIS, PUBLISHER, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, MASS.

AGENTS FOR ENGLAND: H. RAWSON & CO., 16 NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

[*Entered at the Post-office at Boston, Mass., as second-class mail matter.*]

One Dollar per Year. Single Copy, 10 Cents

## THE UNITARIAN.

**EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT:** Articles for publication, books intended for review, and all literary communications should be addressed to the Editor, **141 Franklin Street, Boston.**

**BUSINESS DEPARTMENT:** Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent to **Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston,** to whom all drafts and money or express orders should be made payable.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:** To subscribers in the United States and Canada, One Dollar a year in advance, postage free. To foreign subscribers, $1.25 in American money, or 5 shillings in English money.

**A PACKAGE of TEN COPIES,** to one address, to be used for missionary purposes, will be sent for **$5.00.**

**SAMPLE COPIES** of THE UNITARIAN will be sent free on application.

THE UNITARIAN *will continue to be sent to subscribers until a request is received to discontinue, and until all arrearages are paid.*



PROSPECT HILL SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, GREENFIELD, MASS. This is a Family School of about 30 pupils, on a beautiful estate of 6 acres, in a very healthful location. The dwelling-house has been recently enlarged and fitted with steam throughout, and new and complete drainage. Building provided with Laboratory, Studio, and Music Room. Regular course of 4 years includes English, Classical and Modern Languages, Science, Philosophy, Art, Vocal and Instrumental Music. Advanced Course for Graduates of High Schools. Prepares for any College.

JAMES C. PARSONS, Principal.

PROCTOR ACADEMY, ANDOVER, N.H. For both sexes. Healthful location. Liberal management. Expenses low. Prepares for college, or for teaching, etc. For catalogue, address

JAMES F. MORTON, A.M., Principal.

FREE READING! Unitarian tracts and other liberal religious literature sent free on application to Miss ELLEN A. CALL, 35 Summer Street, Lawrence, Mass.

**Uplifts of Heart and Will.** Religious Aspirations in Prose and Verse. By JAMES H. WEST, author of "The Complete Life," etc. *Second thousand, with additions.* 106 pages. Cloth, 50 cents.

"Full of a happy sense of Nature's beauty and bounty. One unceasing aspiration towards the 'Moral Ideal,' the 'Blessed Best.'"—*William C. Gannett, in Unity.*

"One is very strongly impressed with the sincerity and reality of expression. Mr. West is a devout and earnest religious writer."—*Boston Herald.*

*IMPORTANT WORKS BY*

## FRANCES POWER COBBE

**The Peak in Darien:** With Some Other Inquiries touching Concerns of the Soul and Body. An Octave of Essays. 266 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

"Vigorous in thought and style. We have read the volume through from preface to 'the end,' and enjoyed it."—*Watchman.*

**Darwinism in Morals,** and Other Essays. 422 pages. Cloth, $2.00.

Some of the chapters: *Darwinism in Morals; Hereditary Piety; The Religion of Childhood; Prehistoric Religion; The Religions of the World; The Religions of the East; The Religion and Literature of India; Unconscious Cerebration; Dreams; The Evolution of Morals and Religion.*

**The Duties of Women.** A Course of Lectures. 193 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

"The profoundest, wisest, purest, noblest book in principle, aim, and tone yet written upon the *true position of woman in society.*"

**Religious Duty.** 311 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

**A Faithless World.** Cloth, $1.00.

*For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by*

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

# Scraps of Travel.

BY

## MINOT J. SAVAGE.

Under this title Mr. Savage's letters written to the *Commonwealth* during his last trip abroad have been printed. Although not regularly published, copies in pamphlet form, at 50 cents, may be obtained of

GEO. H. ELLIS, 141 Franklin St., Boston.

# ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

## Poems of Faith and Hope.

### SELECTED BY J. T. SUNDERLAND.

A collection of 89 poems in a handsome little volume, bound in Morocco and Cloth.

A Boston minister writes: "*Your 'Upward Look' book is beautiful. We are buying it by the dozen, and giving it where it will do good.*"

One of our best known authors writes us, "*It is surprising that so many excellent poems can be comprised in so small a compass, and offered at so small a price.*"

Price: Morocco, 75 cents each; Cloth, 50 cents each. Same edition, bound in Morocco, and containing *a neat Marriage Certificate* at the back, price 75 cents, net.

Send orders to J. T. SUNDERLAND, Ann Arbor, Mich., or to the A. U. A. Rooms, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

# THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

Vol. X. OCTOBER, 1895. No. 10.

## THE GLORY OF THE PRESENT HOUR.

SERMON BY REV. FRANK L. PHALEN OF CONCORD, N.H.

"While they communed and questioned together, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him."—Luke xxiv. 15, 16.

The beautiful story from which this text is taken is full of far-reaching suggestions. It abounds in incidents and hints. It appeals not only to the moralist and the religious devotee, but also to the artist, the poet, the student of psychology, and the man who thoughtfully confronts the comedy and the tragedy of human life. As each turn of the kaleidoscope presents a new picture, so this account in Luke of the walk to Emmaus presents a new face and a new thought every time we look at it.

The New Testament narrative, briefly sketched, is as follows.

The Man of Galilee had been crucified. The Master whose words and life had kindled such a flame of faith in the hearts of men and women was dead. His terrified and bewildered disciples had seen his lifeless body taken down from the cross and laid away in the silent sepulchre. Their high hopes were crushed. Courage and cheer had given place to despondency and doubt. They faltered where erstwhile they had so firmly trod. The vision of divine glory had faded away in their thought to a sombre and threatening cloud.

If Christ had perished, then with him died all the divine hopes so newly born in the throbbing hearts of the men who had left all to follow him!

And, so thinking and so mourning, two of the Master's disciples were walking together on the road to Emmaus. A stranger joins them on their journey. He asks the subject of their sober conversation.

"And they stood still, looking sad." They were surprised at the ignorance betrayed by the stranger's inquiry. "What," said one of them, "dost thou live in Jerusalem, and not know about the things which have happened there these last few days?" And the stranger quietly asks, "What things?"

Then with full heart and eager words they tell their story. They describe Jesus and his wonderful work. They tell how they loved him, what they hoped, and what they believed. They thought he would redeem Israel. They go over all the sad tragedy which from that time to this has been the central picture of pathos in the world's great book of suffering and sorrow.

The stranger walks in silence by their sides. He listens with bent head; but, when the tale is done, he opens his mouth and expounds to them their ancient Scriptures, showing them that Christ must have suffered before he could reveal to them and to the world the perfection of his gospel and the glory of his divine life. Later he eats bread with them; and, as he blessed it, the scales fall from their blinded eyes, and they discover in the stranger by their side the risen and ever-living Christ!

It is a wonderfully touching story, so true to the strange and bewildering sentiments of the human heart, so true to the fact that we miss and pass by without recognition the things and the persons near us, while we sigh for the past or dream vainly of the future. We do not think of finding Christ close by our side. No, that is too near. But go away beyond the sea. Go back eighteen hundred years, and there we shall find him. In the stranger who walks or works beside us we see a commonplace

man or woman. No divinity reveals itself in his or her face and life. But go far off in other lands, and among different men and women, and we shall see the heavenly halo resting upon their heads! O dire delusion! O baseless dream!

We banish God from the present hour, and from people and events that are near us, and deceive ourselves by thinking he was a familiar presence in the far-away silent past.

"Thirsting," as Lowell says, "to become more than mortal, we are even less than clay!"

The point I wish to emphasize and illustrate is that the present hour is as divine, as full of glory, as near to God, as close to Christ, as any hour the great clock of time ever struck.

There was never a day better than this one. To doubt it is not to reverence the past or think nobly of God. It is to have our eyes holden, as were the eyes of the two disciples who walked with Jesus to Emmaus, and thought him a commonplace stranger. I cannot enter into detailed interpretation or criticism of this unique New Testament narrative. Much as I should like to linger over its beauty, its pathos, its mystery, its visions, and intimations of immortality and the unseen world, much as there is in it of keen insight into the secrets of the human heart, and closely as it touches us all with its power of revealing us to ourselves, much as I should like to think with you about all these matters, I must forego such an attempt, and put before you just one aspect of this wonderful narrative.

"Their eyes were holden that they should not know him." Although they were devout followers of Jesus, they somehow failed to recognize him until just as he was leaving them. So we and all men are prone to disparage the present and its glory and blessing, thinking that some other day or some other age was better far than this. Now I want to celebrate the praise of the present hour. I want to speak a good word for to-day and for the living men and women who are toiling now and here in this modern world.

I would not discourage a healthy reverence and affection for the past. I do not believe in any movement or principle which proposes to break short off with the past and establish everything new. That is folly. Our roots of civil, social, religious, and family life are in the deep rich soil and rock of the past. We love it, and we have reason to love it. Let memory fondly wander through those halls of time, and commune with the mighty spirits who made the old days splendid.

I would not say a word to quench the ardent enthusiasm which loves to paint the future in such radiant colors. Hope is the master light which leads us on, chasing away the mists and shadows which envelop us as we struggle with the duties of to-day. But having said this, having confessed my love for "auld lang syne" and for the unborn future, I return to the thought that we think too poorly of to-day. We do not realize as we ought the glory of the present fleeting vital hour. The Christ of God walks with us as he did with the old-time disciples on the road to Emmaus, and we, like them, know it not. God is with us, and speaks to us as clearly as he did to the men of old. Yet, somehow, we do not half understand his words, and mistake them for a roaring in our own ears or the hallucinations of a disordered brain. This is not as it should be. The living message still comes to living men from the living God; and why should we refuse to hear the present voice, and strain our ears to hear the echoes of the past?

On one of the perfect days that October always gives us—when, as Emerson says, "even the cattle on the hills seem to have great and tranquil thoughts"—I took a little journey amidst the glory and the beauty of the outward world. The sky was bright and cloudless. The autumn foliage in all its mature glory charmed my eyes with splendid and gorgeous colors and filled my heart with calm and rich delight. The mountains loomed up in all their striking majesty. Every peak and summit stood out with perfect distinctness. Down in the western sky the weary old sun was saying good-by to the day in all the richest hues and tints and colors that nature ever reveals. Away in the east the serene moon rose proudly over the mountains and hills, and flung its silvery sheen over the shimmering waters of the placid lake, and kissed the dancing ripples on the restless, impatient river hurrying away to pour its freshness into the waters

of the great salt sea. It was an hour of perfect and unspeakable rapture to a heart in tune with nature's vesper song. Surely, thought I, no burning bush that Moses ever saw could flame with diviner glory than yonder maple in its perfection of symmetry and color. Neither Sinai nor even Olivet could have been nearer heaven than yonder mountain peak, bathed in the mingled glow of setting sun and rising moon. No river Jordan was any more sacred in itself than the hurrying waters of the Merrimac. No sea of Galilee nor Palestinian Lake was ever closer to the heart of God than the outspread sheet that gladdened my eyes and smiled toward the arching sky from its nest amid the restful hills. No Italy or Switzerland, no past or future, has had or can have a larger measure of the eternal love and beauty than such an hour as that. And then I said: "Let me never sigh again for the departed glory of other days or the unknown beauty of to-morrow. Let me receive with gratitude the world of the present, and thank God and rejoice with my brothers that the Eternal Father has made it such a miracle of splendor and surprise."

From this train of thought I was led on to another.

How seldom does the world recognize and honor its greatest men—until they are dead! As George Eliot finely says: "The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand: the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone."

"It is a sad weakness in us, after all, that the thought of a man's death hallows him anew to us, as if life were not sacred, too,—as if it were comparatively a light thing to fail in love and reverence to the brother who has climbed the whole toilsome steep with us, and all our tears and tenderness were due to the one who is spared that hard journey.

"Surely, surely, the only true knowledge of our fellow-man is that which enables us to feel with him, which gives us a fine ear for the heart-pulses that are beating under the mere clothes of circumstance and opinion."

Socrates, living in Athens, and striving to teach the truth, is reviled, insulted, and finally poisoned. Socrates, dead, is honored by the whole world, and placed in the front rank of the few immortals. Paul, the apostle of Jesus Christ, while living, is beaten and stoned and finally carried to Cæsar's throne at Rome, clanking the chains of a criminal. Paul, dead, is canonized as a saint, and his letters and even his postscripts are called the Word of God. Jesus of Nazareth, living, and teaching the sublimest message ever uttered in the world, is called insane, an impostor, and an ally of Satan. Jesus, crucified, is elevated above all the sons of men and worshipped for centuries as God Almighty! Such is the sad story of our human blindness to the glory of the present hour.

"But Humanity sweeps onward: where to-day the martyr stands
On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

"Their eyes were holden that they should not know him."

Christ, the true and living Christ of God, comes to us in many ways; but it is always in the present, never in the past or the future. The past is a memory. The future is a hope. Only the present is a living, throbbing reality. Lo, God is *here*,—yes, *here*, in this noisy, bustling, stormy world of modern rush and roar. He is on the wide sea with the ocean greyhound. He is on the boundless Western prairie with the farmer gathering the grain for the world's food. He is in the clank and rattle of the spindles and wheels of the mills and machine shop. He is in the swiftly speeding express train thundering along the strong steel rails from city to city. He is in the Congress and the State House, in the caucus and at the ballot-box. He is with the physician at the bedside of disease and pain. He is with the nurse in the long and weary night-watches of wasting disease. He is with the lawyer at the bar and the judge on the bench. He is with church councils and brave missionaries in the far-off islands of the sea. He is with the sturdy blacksmith whose hammer draws the red sparks on the echoing anvil. He is with the husband at work and the wife in the home. He is with the babe in its

mother's arms and the silent figure in the coffin. He is with the patriarch bent with years and labor and the blushing bride at the altar. He is with the young man and the young maiden. Everywhere and always God is the present Eternal, the present Companion, the present voice that speaks to shame us for our sin and to call us back to honor justice and manly Christian living. But our eyes are dim, and our ears are dull. All our lives we are longing for some other circumstance, some other day, some other companions, some other work, some more ambitious place in which to shine, some other God but the present, living one, some other duty than the one close at hand. "O ye of little faith," said Jesus to his doubting disciples. "Lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." That means now and here, hence the glory and the blessedness of the present hour, the divine duty of learning, like Paul, to be content.

"Who drives the horses of the sun
Shall lord it but a day:
Better the lowly deed were done,
And kept the humble way.

"The rust will find the sword of fame,
The dust will hide the crown;
And none shall nail so high his name
Time will not tear it down.

"The happiest heart that ever beat
Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
And left to Heaven the rest."

But some one says: "Do not preach to me the glory of the present hour when the whole world is weltering in sins and crimes, when our prisons are full and our jails overflowing. Do not sound the praises of to-day, when I can hear the roar of the whirlpool of corruption in public and in private life which turns my heart sick." Yes, I shall still preach on. I shall still say, These are good days, and life may be sweet and Christ-like if men and women like us will only make it so. Jesus did not live in a world of psalm-singing and over-scrupulous piety. There were pretty tough specimens of sin and some mighty stubborn sinners back in Judea, if I read my New Testament rightly. But Christ lived his white sweet life. He did not sigh for the past. He did not despair of the present. He kept right on living his divine life and preaching his gospel; and the chief reason we are better men and women to-day, and feel more keenly the need of reform and vital religion, is just because Christ did keep on, and never gave up. Yes, yes, the whitest, purest lily may grow up toward heaven out of the darkest-looking soil.

But you say, Remember my private griefs, my sorrows, my trials, my heartaches, my long struggle in the dark. Yes, those things are not forgotten; but we are surely blind and cannot see aright if we think that even the darkest cloud has blotted out the splendor of the undimmed sun which shines eternally in God's heaven.

It is our glory not to be carried to heaven, but to walk with our own feet, and, when we cannot walk, to creep and climb. A man or woman with no battles to fight, nothing to overcome, no new truth to discover, no deeper, sweeter faith in God to gain through defeats and failures,—such a person cannot understand the glory of the present; for he cannot appreciate the heart-power and the courage and cheer that come from overcoming the sorrows and sins of life and walking out of it all at last a free man, with the smile of God resting upon him.

I do not glorify the present, that we may sit down at ease in Zion and doze in spiritual apathy about the altar or the throne. I urge the divineness of to-day, that we may see its golden possibilities, its blessings, its revelations of a living God and a present Christ. If there are wrongs still to be righted, shams to be exposed, errors to be exploded, sins to be purged from people and nation,—if this is so, then it will add a new glory to the present hour if we set stoutly to work to remedy the evil. But, if we sit down indolent and careless, then our glory will turn to shame; and the fact that we have lived and done nothing in such a splendid time will only add to our humiliation and our condemnation.

If in any way God speaks to us, if in any guise or form of duty or walk in life Christ comes to us, let us not look at him blindly as if our eyes were darkened by a cataract, and we thought him a stranger or a person we could easily ignore. Let us not do that, but let us open wide our eyes and wide our hearts, until we are filled with a holy zeal to add to that divine music which

makes the gladness of the world and the eternal joy of heaven.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

---

## PERHAPS TO-DAY.

I know not where my path may lead to-day,
What visions may await me on the way,
If noonday rest be found in valley green
Or sunset's glow from rugged hilltop seen.

In thinking of the days that made the past,
I oftener think of those with shadows cast.
The years most often counted through life's mist
Are those I marked with lines by tear-stains kissed.

Perhaps to-day from out those far, dim years
May rise new hopes, made mine by sorrow's tears.
Perhaps to-day may some rich truth reveal
Which needed deep-drawn lines to break the seal.

RACHEL B. MACMULLIN.

---

## SALVATION: WHAT IT IS AND IS NOT.*

BY H. W. CROSSKEY, LL.D., F.G.S.

The Unitarian form of Christianity is very often dismissed as a faith which may possibly satisfy the spiritual wants of respectable and educated people, but which is altogether unable to meet the passionate sins and the wilder and deeper emotions of the tried and tempted heart of humanity.

Yet the greatest agony has undoubtedly been borne by the human race through a sense of departure from God; and unless this form of Christianity of which I am about to speak is a form which can meet the condition of man as a being who has not achieved the high standard of his perfectness, unless it can help us conquer temptation and to make our peace with God, unless it can in some real sense save the world from its sins, I admit at once that it does not deserve the name of a religion. The problem how, having sinned, we are to make our peace with our Father in heaven, has perplexed the conscience of our race. Almost all the answers ever given may be classified under three great divisions:—

Performance of the right ceremony.
Acceptance of a correct doctrine.
Disposition of a touched heart.

The principle is the same with respect to the ceremony, whether it be a Catholic mass or a hecatomb offered to Jupiter. The principle is the same with respect to doctrine, whether it be belief in the Athanasian Creed or the Koran. The principle is the same with respect to the disposition of the heart, whether it be the loving heart of the most nobly cultured or of the superstitious devotee. Ceremonialism in its extreme form gives an artificial value to sacrifices and prayers, apart from the disposition of the worshipper. Southey's "Curse of Kehama" illustrates the last result of this system when it describes how by the performance of ceremonies the worst men, bent upon the worst designs, may become formidable to the deities and render an incarnation necessary. The fiction of Paganism may veil itself in Christian phraseology; and a counterpart of the same feeling be found in coarse representations of the power of the blood of Christ shed on the cross to win heaven for all who call upon his name, apart from the influence of his sacrifice upon their characters and lives.

The second answer, that salvation depends upon the accuracy of our belief, meets in this country with a larger acceptance.

If we only "believe," preachers say, we shall be the people of God, "the sheep of his pasture," the children of his grace.

In this thought many find a great and gracious peace; and the Protestant gains from his form of sound doctrine the same kind of satisfaction which the Catholic receives from an infallible church.

A creed stands to many minds in relation to heavenly things like the title-deed to an estate, and gives the same comfortable as-

*This notable address which we print almost in full, by the late Dr. Crosskey, has been published as the latest number of "Tracts for the Times" by the "British and Foreign Unitarian Association."

surance of property. Yet to me it is the vainest of all foundations for an eternal hope. To believe aright about the infinite God, to discern the boundaries of his justice, to discover the precise tie between his Spirit and the spirit that was in Christ,—who are we that we can rest our expectations of mercy on the perfect accomplishment of such a task? What is the life that we possess, with its passions, its hopes, its doubts, its aspirations, flowing from the dark past to the dark future? Who can answer? If the accuracy of my knowledge of God is to be my salvation, I despair. His Spirit baffles me. He rides upon the wind: the whirlwind is his chariot. In seasons of holy meditation he seems very near; but, when wilder passions rage, I grope about that I may find him.

The word "God" comes lightly to human lips, but it is the name of an unfathomed life.

When men say, "Believe our creed, and you will be redeemed," I reply, not to them, but to the God whose name they so fluently use: "Before thee my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty. In the darkness around thy throne I would quiet myself as a weary child." Is the Lord God Almighty the supreme egotist of the universe, chiefly caring that we his mortal children should have a right opinion about his glory? Nay: what is our opinion worth that our welfare in eternity is to depend upon its correctness? How much time and study can we bestow upon any subject? We can think, we can hope, we can cherish faith that the perfect circle will complete the broken arc; but, beyond trust and hope and faith, how dare we dogmatize? Over all sermons ever preached, over all religious books ever written, the most fitting prayer to breathe is a prayer that God may be very patient with our ignorance:—

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise."

Believe this creed or that as we may, not the motion of an atom is affected, and the great course of history sweeps onward. Believe or doubt the fact as we may, in God's great hands we stand. We cannot separate ourselves from him: we are every day in the paradise of his peace or in the arid desert of our selfishness.

Jesus Christ revealed the religion neither of ceremony nor of dogma, but of pure and perfect being. His own spirit being at one with God, he sought for his disciples the oneness that he possessed himself. Many theories of Christian salvation have been given. The early Fathers thought that Christ paid the price to Satan, to rescue man from bondage to his wiles. Then came the notion that the compensation was not made to Satan, but to God. This was followed by the doctrine of a superabundance of merit in Christ upon which all men might draw. But what, according to Christ, is that condition which is termed salvation? What is there in being saved that we should desire it? Let us know what salvation is, and what the word means.

I find the answer in that mighty word of Christ's,—"Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." Salvation is, negatively, deliverance from error, disease, iniquity; positively, the education of every faculty and feeling to the standard of the perfect man. Christ speaks of those entering the kingdom of heaven as growing in godliness. He likens his kingdom to a grain of mustard-seed, to the leaven hidden in the measures of meal; and all his metaphors indicate the growth of our being God-ward. To be saved is not to get rid of our nature: it is the growth, the development, the culture, of the nature God has given. Jesus Christ honors natural conscience: "Why judge ye not yourselves what is right?" He makes natural affections the revelation of God's love: "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?" Paul appeals to natural reason: "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good." In order to be saved, therefore, it is necessary to educate reason, and it is not necessary to believe anything contrary to reason; it is necessary to educate conscience, and not to surrender its voice to the dicta of priest or sect; it is necessary to educate natural affection, and not to credit tales of God which represent him as acting toward men as no man would act to his child. My salvation is not imperilled if I reject the Trinity, because I cannot find any grounds for believ-

ing it, or the atonement, because it seems to me to contradict the simple laws of natural justice, or the doctrine of eternal punishment, because I reject it as at war with natural affection.

Following the same course of argument, salvation is not the getting to heaven when we deserve hell. I have heard preachers speak, who have seemed to me to reduce the gospel of Christ to this: "We deserve hell. We do not wish to be punished for our iniquities. We want to be saved; that is, to escape from the punishment due to us." Salvation I cannot believe to be any such escape from the punishment due to sin. Sin is no light matter. It is a curse within and without, and it brings its inevitable penalty. We must not expect that, if we are drunkards, we shall escape the punishment due to drunkards. Does any man escape it? Is there any miracle to stop the physical effect of his indulgence? We must not expect to lie, and not to receive the punishment due to liars; to be unchaste, and not receive the penalty of unchastity. Do you say, This is a hard gospel? I say, Do you think God would love us better if he made sin less terrible? Is it not the sign of God's dearest love that he would make us his noble, pure, and upright children? Would it be better for the world if men could lie and cheat and be impure, and then, by the special interference of God, every bad effect be lightly wiped away? God's punishments must be redeeming in their influence, because, being perfectly good, he cannot endure that iniquity should be eternal. In the gospel which I preach the great purpose of any punishment inflicted by God is to purify life, so that in time or eternity the pain that follows sin will make the sin itself hateful. Is it honorable for a man ashamed of sin to bow down before God, and say, "Father, do not touch me, do not hurt me, do not pain me"? Is it not more manly and more penitent to say, "Father, touch me with thy purifying fire, so that the sin may be burned out of my soul"? Is not true penitence the desire to get rid of the guilt itself? If a servant has wronged you, and should come to you, and say, "Pardon me, do nothing to me, let me escape, treat me as though I had committed no crime," should you respect him as much as you would, should he say, "Let me work out the penalty, put me through any discipline you like, only let me prove that I am sorry for my sin"? And so I bow down before God, and cry, "Father, if need be, touch my heart with pain. Only do this: take my iniquity away from me, and make me love no more the wicked thought or deed."

A true salvation affects the whole of our nature, and reaches every nook and corner of our being. It is not confined to the one subject of theology. Salvation has been made far too technical. It concerns the whole man. I call therefore that man saved who is noble in mind and heart and soul.

I call that man *saved in mind* whose intellect is honestly disciplined, and swayed in its judgment by no personal prejudice; who is not too proud of his own opinions ever to follow a brighter light, or too impatient with his neighbors to understand the secrets of their souls; who is simply anxious to see the facts of the universe as they are, whether they prove him to be utterly mistaken or lowly wise; who is not prevented from accepting great principles by subtile metaphysical difficulties or verbal quibbles, but can subordinate the partial and local to the universal; who is so conscious of the infinite mystery that he never ceases to be a learner, and who in profound reverence for the unbounded truth can unite the questioning eagerness of a child with the lowliness of a disciple.

I call that man *saved in heart* who is true to his friends and generous to his foes; who delights rather in the love of whatsoever is great and good than in mean and carping criticism; who can toil and sacrifice for what he loves, and does not waste in idle sentiment the vigor of a deep affection; who, when once love is given, can trust against suspicion and hope against the very seeing of the eye; who can delight in serving without making his calculation as to the percentage of profit to be gained; whose faithfulness to his friends does not vary with the accidents of earthly fortune; who can endure to suffer for duty, and can temper gentleness toward the sinner with judgment on the crime; who never spreads an ill tale for the mere ill tale's sake, recognizing the sacredness of an honorable repute; who is more anxious to be deserving of kindly judgment than to injure another's

welfare; who can preserve independence without dogmatism and be true to himself, without being false to his neighbors; whose love to a good cause grows stronger in danger, and who, where there is the greater need, there tasks himself to render the more generous service,—I call that man saved in heart who has the true heart of a noble gentleman.

I call that man *saved in conscience* who simply follows where his duty leads; who has no wish save to do the simple right; who does not desire his own pleasure if it be condemned by the righteousness of God; who makes no boast of his desire to serve the Lord, but, when the event demands, arises in silent strength equal to the occasion's call; who does not neglect any post he holds because its rank is not higher; who can watch and wait or strive and struggle in the ranks, or command the rise and fall of the battle's heat, as one not chiefly desirous that he himself should triumph, but that God's will should be done; who can be deterred by no personal neglect or insult from doing his own duty, and amid praise of blame can labor on with an unfaltering courage, and alone or with the crowd be faithful to the last. I call that man saved who can temper life's graver duties with a genial joy; who can laugh as heartily as he can pray, and enjoy the play of fine humor as thoroughly as he can join in the burden of a psalm; who does not frown upon the light fancies of an hour, any more than he scoffs at the call to worship; who can smile with those who smile, and can weep with those who weep, and who would darken with no ungenial gloom the gladness of a festival, even as he would not disturb with unprovoked mirth the sanctity of a house of prayer. I call that man saved whose whole life of thought and love and duty and gladness is overarched by the deep consciousness of the Infinite, as the measureless heavens overarch the measured earth; who believes in higher truth yet to be seen, and nobler duty yet to be done, sweeter happiness yet to be revealed, and purer affection yet to fill the gladsome heart; and who, drawing near to the Infinite in the hour of his worship, is not contented with any achievement of his own, but presses onward toward the mark of his high calling in Christ Jesus.

This salvation of which I speak has been realized in history by Jesus Christ alone. In Christ I recognize one who has upon this earth made manifest perfect salvation before God. The painter has ever before him an image he never puts upon canvas, which haunts his secret imagining, and which he can never render visible to others. The poet ever hears songs ringing within his heart which he can never sing:—

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

To this great world the life of Jesus Christ is the very utterance of the melody which all saintly souls have heard in their sweetest dreams. Jesus Christ walks on earth the actual image of the glory secretly worshipped for ages, but undescribed and unseen.

He is the one ideal, above us ever; and our salvation depends upon the prayerful fashioning of our spirits to the likeness of his unstained perfectness.

*What, then, must we do to be saved?* The definition I have given will guide to the answer. To gain salvation from error, we must educate our minds and develop our capacities for accumulating knowledge; to gain salvation from evil passions, watch over our hearts; to gain salvation from sin, educate conscience by daily duty and Christian prayer. Jesus Christ appeals to our divinest and noblest powers; he asserts the loftiest standard for the meanest heart; he never condescends to men, never speaks down to the world, never adapts a pure sentiment to an impure practice; he makes the grandest appeals to the commonest crowd gathering around him.

It seems to me that Christ did as though one should go to the lowest and worst parts of this town, and be surrounded with thieves and prostitutes, far away from respectable people; and then in such a place and to such people say, "Ye are the children of God, and the heaven of heavens is open to you."

There is happily in the Gospels one example among others in which Christ himself appears to answer the problem I am discussing, in a narrative which shows me more about the doctrine of salvation than perhaps any the Bible contains. He went

into the house of the Pharisee, and you remember the disagreeable reception he experienced. It was a cold entertainment, hovering between welcome and no welcome.

The relief to Christ as he sat at the Pharisee's table, chilled with ungracious welcome, came with the entrance of a woman "that was a sinner." A weeping, passionate, human heart was flung at the feet of Christ in the presence of a proud, calculating, formal Pharisee. Note the characteristically distinct thoughts which arise in the mind of Christ and of Simon, and understand the mystery of this doctrine of salvation. Simon's first thought was: "This is no prophet: suspicion is justified; my coldness is a duty. This man, if he were a prophet, would have known what manner of woman this is." Christ's first thought was, —God's delight in human love,—"Tell me, Simon, which of two debtors will love God most?" Simon's first thought was, Have I got the right prophet in my house? Christ's, Who loves God the best?

Some professing Christians seem convinced that, if they can get hold of the right idea of a prophet, give the correct definition of the nature of Christ, and make no mistake about dividing the substance and confounding the persons, all will be well. Yet Christ lifts us into another sphere of being when he says, "Tell me who will love him most." There is joy, beauty, peace, comfort, in the form of this appeal, Which of those two debtors, the one who owed fifty and the other five hundred pence, will love God most?

The love of a debtor dear to God! This is a commercial age, and perhaps this phrase may reveal something of God's tenderness.

I think, if a business man's heart were really consulted, those for whom he has the least affection will prove to be those from whom he never hopes to obtain just debts. He knows many disagreeable people; but, probably, those who *must* be forgiven "five hundred pence" are the most disagreeable of all the people he meets. The feeling least approaching to a virtue in a business man's heart is the kind of feeling he has to a man who has "nothing to pay" a righteous debt; yet this is the very forgiveness Christ declares to be extended from God to man. "When they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both."

What have we to pay to God for broken laws and ill passions vexing the sanctities of earth? Yet the kind of love which upon earth among men is the most difficult to cherish will be manifested by the Almighty. My little child brings me sometimes from the field dandelions, daisies, and meadow-sweet, and insists that her handful of dandelions, daisies, and meadow-sweet shall be put into the vase side by side with the moss-rose and the garden fuchsia. They are *her* gift, which she brings with proud hand and proud heart, and there in the place of honor they must be; and the garden flowers have no such loveliness and perfume because they are laden with no such love. Even so, between man and God, these poor wild flowers we bring from earth may yet hope for a place among the amaranths gathered by the saints in paradise, if offered in childlike faith.

But have I preached a doctrine of salvation that will support us in the darker trials of life? When we pass through the awful gates of eternity, will it be enough to say: "O God, in my sins I yet loved thee. In my transgressions I have yet sought, like the woman that was a sinner, to wash the feet of my Saviour with my tears"? I, for one, have no fear. If God loves us at all, that love will be all-sufficient. I believe in God's love. It is not an attribute which theologians can define. It is not a kind of feeling which can be obtained by the study of analytical logic; but it is love. I believe in God's love just as I believe in human love,—the love of heart to heart. It is not that God condescends to us, and stoops down from his greatness to accommodate himself to us. Where there is a sense of condescension, love is poor. We do not condescend to the wants and cares of our friends. Their wants and cares are our own, because of the deep tenderness of mingled being. True love never condescends, because it casts away the assertion of authority in the sweetness of sympathy. It is not that we must understand the mystery of God's being aright, or he will hate us, but that, whether we believe or disbelieve, God will be faithful,—faithful as dear friends are faithful, without the shadow of offended pride. It is not that

after one approved fashion we must honor his glory, otherwise his wrath will fall, but that his glory is in our redemption, and, like the light, falls upon us whether we are blind or whether we discern its grace. We may hide ourselves from the light of day, but the light is upon the world. We may deny God's love. We cannot destroy it. It is not that the Lord has enacted certain determined conditions, and is ready to receive us, those terms accepted, while, those terms rejected, he will crush us beneath his feet, but that, above all conditions, his tenderness is seeking out our souls, and striving for their blessedness. True, faithful, devoted love strikes no bargain, and is fettered with no scheme of grace. Beyond and above conditions it seeks its own, and dies upon its cross with a prayer for the pardon of its foes. This alone is the perfect love that casteth out fear. Do we still doubt? I have yet another hope. I know that I hide God's love from my heart, and that it must be greater than I can understand. The child knows not its parent's watching love, the anxiety never relaxing its keen care, the constant planning for its health and peace and joy; and there is a love of God around us greater than our discernment, simply because we are his children. I know that every poor jealousy, every sneer at a fellow-man, all scorn of what is dear to other hearts, all ill-nature and selfishness, blind me to the love divine. If I have not sweet human affections, how can I comprehend heavenly sanctities? I know that every mean purpose renders a great hope more incredible. A mean heart cannot believe in a majestic destiny, and a poor soul has no faith in an everlasting growth. As our aims in life are grovelling, our joy in God's mercy loses richness. I therefore trust a divine love vaster than I understand. I know that I am ignorant of its glory. By my ignorance, by each sneering and ill-natured thought, by all jealousy and scorn, by each ignoble purpose, by poverty of aspiration and meanness of aim, I am blinded to the divine love by which I am beset. Because by my ignorance and sin I see that God's love is veiled and hidden from me, from my very imperfections I gain a larger faith; and from a knowledge of my transgressions a vaster hope.

I have thus, as simply as I could, placed before you a doctrine of salvation. To many of you it may seem feeble and imperfect. To such I can only say: Do not deny that to other souls it may be the revelation of an infinite mercy. I, for one, standing between time and eternity, confessing my sin and acknowledging the mystery, am ready to trust all things whatsoever to that perfect love which has never failed the heart that seeks it; and, if you think me very, very ignorant of the logical method by which the Lord extends his grace, at least grant that my heart—even as your hearts—can rest on his everlasting love, and that we can all be as one in the life that is hidden in Christ and God.

---

## HIDDEN TREASURES.

There are stars whose lustrous shining
Has never yet been seen;
There are fragrant blossoms hidden
The forest shades between;
There are birds whose constant singing
Wakes the echo far and near,—
Though no mortal eye beholds them,
Though no human ear may hear.

Sunbeams bright are ever falling
Where no eye can see their gold.
Nature guards her choicest treasures
As a shepherd guards his fold.
'Neath the ocean's crested billows
Priceless treasures safely lie.
Beauty oftentimes is hidden
From the careless passer-by.

Would we gather all the goodness
And the gladness from the day,
We must train our eyes to seeing
All the beauty of the way,
Where our careless feet in treading
Often crush the fairest flowers,
Which were meant to grow and blossom
Through the golden summer hours.

So shall common things grow lovely
To the thoughtful, seeing gaze.
Underneath the roughest seeming
May lie hearts attuned to praise,
Waiting but responsive fingers
Joyous music to bring forth.
So the love divine is mingled
With the lesser love of earth.

MAUD L. COTTON.

Bemis Heights, N.Y.

## SAVONAROLA: A SKETCH.

### I.

It was at a time of obscurity, and yet of transition, that Savonarola came forth to demand the reform of religion in the Italian Church, to denounce the reigning pontiff, and to agitate what may certainly be regarded as the ruling idea of his life,—the separation of the ecclesiastical from the civil power. Before tracing his career as a reformer, it will be necessary to glance at the state of Italy at the time.

Out of the ruins of the Carlovingian Empire several republics arose in Italy, according to that strange law of reaction, so often seen in the world's history, by which despotism in one age produces democracy in the next. The mighty emperor had left the world, and the great fabric which he had founded and strengthened by his sword fell at once to pieces; and in Italy, after various revolutions, republics were formed, of which that in Florence was not the least illustrious. This city in the fifteenth century was one of Italy's wonders. It was a mighty principality, based upon commerce. Its government was democratical. The affairs of State were conducted by a popular council of three hundred men, who assembled in a splendid palace called the Palace of the People, and were presided over by an elected president. Florence was also the great banking-place of Europe. Kings, princes, popes, deposited their wealth in its rich banks; and among the most distinguished bankers at the end of the fourteenth century was Giovanni de' Medici, whose generous use of his wealth won him the favor of the people, and secured for him almost supreme power in the State. Under republican principles Florence prospered; but the aim of the powerful Medici family was to set them aside, and to virtually institute a monarchy, with one member of their family as the ruler. Cosmo and Lorenzo were the first of this family to become violent partisans of an angry faction in the city.

Cosmo was a man of taste and accomplishments. He collected a vast number of rare and precious manuscripts, both in the East and in Italy, and placed them for the use of the public in the Dominican Convent of San Marco in Florence. Not only had he a passion for collecting the works that survived of the ancient world, the poetry which had been the delight, and the philosophy which had been the glory, of peoples and civilizations passed away, but he was also an enthusiastic admirer of the philosophy of Plato; and he founded in Florence an academy called the Platonic Academy, where the band of philosophers, then living there, met and discussed philosophical questions in the true Platonic style and manner. His great wealth, munificence, and boundless love of learning enabled him to do much—more, perhaps, than any man of the period—for the advancement of learning and of civilization in Europe.

Lorenzo was the Augustus of his city; and his learning, manners, high culture, and sumptuous living gained for him the title of the Magnificent. He became chief of the Executive in 1469. He enjoyed gayety and merriment, he was among the citizens in their hours of revelry, he planned their wildest carnivals; and it was this which blinded them to the fact that they became his enervated and demoralized slaves. For beneath his mobility and graceful enthusiasm there was an unflinching egotism, which made him utilize his friends or his foes to serve his purpose,—an egotism which made him corrupt Florence, and then enslave her. No scruple made him hesitate, and his treachery was always successful. He lent money, or, using his influence, gave posts to rich and poor in Florence. He thus held them in his power, and governed the State like any despot. If a man or a family were troublesome, he could confiscate their property or ruin their fortunes without compromising himself; but this did not prevent him from charming the brilliant circle at Careggi in the evening or ending the day by a subtle analysis of Plato or a panegyric on a Greek manuscript.

Thus the Medici family had not only altered the constitution of the Florentine republic, but their influence told powerfully on the Italian Church. The study of the Platonic philosophy became all but universal among men of letters; and the human mind, wearied with the endless absurdities of the Italian Church, gladly directed itself to those grand conceptions which had instructed and dignified, not Greece alone, but the ancient classic world. Undoubtedly,

the study of the Grecian philosophy reacted unfavorably on the Papal Church. Learned men, who had been brought up under the shadow of that vast institution, after the perusal of the sublime Plato turned with disgust from monastic fables, from the gloomy anchorite legends, from the ridiculous stories of saintly achievements and deliverances, which could hardly be suitable to the infancy of humanity. The students of the revised philosophy at first became indifferent to the teachings and claims of the Church, and subsequently denied and ridiculed her doctrines and assumptions. Altogether, during the rule of the Medici family, the papal communion was in an evil condition. Reflecting men could not but contrast the state of the religious pastors with that of their predecessors during primitive times. Looking upon the palaces of the prelates, the beauty of their gardens, the luxury of their homes, the heathenism of the Church itself, its paintings, sculptures, and ornamental displays, such men bitterly remembered the simplicity of the fisherman Peter, the trials and sorrows of the early Christians, the humility and purity of the Church, which then could not boast of enthronization in the imperial seat, but was the teacher and consoler, for the most part, of the lowly and the slave. The ministers of religion were no longer that brave and devoted band who, once fearless of tyrannous authority, went forth to conquer the world by the cross, ready even to pass through the fiery gate of martyrdom, so that they might obey Christ's command, to make known the gospel to all people. Not only in Italy, but, to a great extent, throughout the Catholic world, the listlessness of the clergy was extreme. Subservient to the ruling power, they regarded the gains more than the duties of their office. Their ambition was to live as magnates in luxurious tranquillity. Supported by the secular power, they became assimilated to that which sustained them,—a result which must necessarily ensue to religious teachers who are merely the creatures of the State. The spirituality and devotedness of the pastors, not the secularity of the fostering power, will be lessened by such association; and the Church, instead of religiously influencing the government which nurtures it, will at last inevitably find that the secular influence, like the parasite around the oak, has weakened its vitality under the semblance of giving it support.

Against these evils Savonarola rose up to protest, and in a day, too, when to declaim against pontifical iniquities was to dare the thunders of one of the mightiest Christian princes. He was born at Ferrara in September, 1452, a city which was in the fifteenth century a splendid capital, containing 10,000 inhabitants, the seat of a famous university, and possessed of a court which was without a rival in Italy as regarded its splendor and magnificence. He grew up in the very heart of the corruptions which it was his mission to endeavor to remove, at a time when the merits of the saints, and not the truths of religion, were the themes for pulpit expatiation. The youth, though not morose, was of a retiring disposition, silent in company, fond of seclusion, and taking little or no interest or part in the sports common to his times and years. He had actually reached manhood, it is said, before he set foot on the promenade to which the gay and fashionable society at Ferrara daily resorted. Once he accompanied his parents to the palace of the ducal family, where both luxury and terror reigned. In its halls gayety was paramount, and the celebrities of the age were among its honored guests; but beneath its lowest halls were dungeons where the light of day never entered. They were filled by hundreds whose life was a lingering death. When they were being tortured, their groans might be heard in the pauses of merriment and joy. They were heard by Savonarola, and he could not be persuaded to visit the palace of Ferrara again. His heart was too sensitive, his principles too nobly toned, for him to be able to bear the contrast which he knew to exist between those upper chambers, which resounded with music and song, and the dungeons beneath, which echoed with the groans of the captive and the dying. In the contemplation of the vice and folly that he beheld wherever he cast his eyes, his whole nature became more and more saddened; but, as if these things were not sufficient to make the world abhorrent, the only dream of earthly happiness his overshadowed life ever knew was also doomed suddenly and cruelly to vanish. He formed a strong attachment for a young

lady of his native town; but he was repelled with such scorn that he retired to his beloved studies, and he became more and more contemplative and silent. To his studies he applied himself with such indefatigable industry as to outstrip all his rivals and carry off the highest honors of the schools. It was not literary distinction, however, but truth he sought and loved, and religious truth especially. This he pursued with such a single eye and devout spirit that erelong all other studies, if not quite abandoned, lost their charms for him; and by and by, though he had achieved in them many splendid triumphs, he altogether abandoned the paths of general literature, yielding himself up to religion, and giving his whole heart and soul to the study of theology.

In the year 1474, being on a visit to Fraenza, he chanced to be present at a sermon delivered by an Augustinian monk. It proved to be the crisis of his destiny. "I heard a word," he said long afterward, "which I will not tell you now; but to this hour I have it in my heart." What this mysterious word was he never made known; but such was its potency that he formed at once an irrevocable determination to devote himself to a monastic life. He knew that this resolve would prove a source of deep grief to his parents. For a whole year he kept his purpose secret, notwithstanding the mournful appeals which his mother, seeing the struggle he was undergoing, but unconscious of its cause, constantly directed to him. At last, on the eve of the festival of St. George, in the spring of the year 1475, while he was seated beside his mother, the sorrowful strains he drew forth from his lute struck her with a cruel and but too true presentiment. She suddenly exclaimed with a mournful voice, "My son, that is a sign we are soon to part." Girolamo answered nothing. Not even raising his eyes in mute confirmation of her fears, with trembling hands he still continued to make his lute discourse the same melancholy wailings. The next morning, secretly, silently, sorrowfully, while his parents were absent at the festival with which all Ferrara was gay, he left his father's house, and made his way to Bologna, not far distant from Ferrara, went straight to the door of the Dominican convent, and was at once received. Thence he wrote a most touching letter of explanation and farewell to his parents. "Dearest father," these were his concluding words, "do not allow your sorrow to be added to mine, already most severe. Take courage. Comfort my mother and, together with hers, send me your blessing." He also left behind him in a window at home a tractate, in which the father read an indignant denunciation of the vicious habits of the time.

Savonarola was an ascetic of the most painful kind. The vow of poverty was never more strictly observed than by him. The loveliness of God's world was naught to him. Its sunlight hours, its hues of cloud, its beauties of flowers and fruit, its various landscapes, the deliciousness of spring, the exquisite autumnal loveliness, and the thousand glorious scenes reflecting the great and gracious Creator and Lord of all,—these to him were "trifles light as air" in comparison with the delights of his lonely cell and the pleasures of frequent flagellation. The noble activities of Christian life, its many external duties, and the happiness that results from their honest and thorough discharge were, in his opinion, secondary to the duties of prayer and contemplation. Sackcloth was necessary to his religion, abstinence to his devotions, and physical suffering to his sanctification. It is painful to know that so good a man, so earnest to reform the system of iniquity to which he belonged, should have endured privations, fasts, and voluntary humiliations more consistent with the rigidity of Hindu devotement than with Christian fidelity and duty. He took a pleasure in the very coarsest clothing, his food was scanty, and his bed was a sack of straw laid upon boards. His books were the "Lives of the Fathers," "Augustine's Meditations," and, above all, the Scriptures, his most favorite study through life. He was raised to the position of a teacher in the monastery, his subjects being natural philosophy and metaphysics. But his heart was not in such studies; for, as the needle, set free and wheeling on its pivot, returns eagerly, tremblingly, to the pole, so, when his professional duties were over, he turned to the solitude of his cell and to the study of the Scriptures. It was over the field they offered for meditation he delighted to roam. They were the food of his soul; and to the devout and diligent

study of the Bible he ascribed all his light, his comfort, and his remarkable attainments. And the purity of his life was such that even his enemies have declared of him that he never committed what Romanists call a mortal sin.

But there was a life far different from that of the monastery, and quite other work, in store for him who had come on the earth, like another John the Baptist, to preach the baptism of repentance and to warn the generation amidst which his lot was cast to flee from the wrath to come. In the convent at Bologna he had written a poem on "The Ruin of the Church," in which he ascribed its misery to Rome, calling her "yonder proud and deceitful harlot." Then he lifted up the aspiration of his soul: "O God, lady, that I could but break those mighty soaring wings!" To which the Church answered, "Weep, and be silent; for such to me seems best." But to hold his peace was impossible to a man of Savonarola's fervid disposition, and to break the mounting wings of Rome became his fixed determination. How any pure and devout Churchman in those days of papal profligacy and worldly ambition could be silent it is difficult now to understand. How and why the Church did not revolt against her rulers it is also difficult to understand.

But this young man saw not only that the Old World and the old Church were threatened with ruin, but that Rome was the cause; and he felt that it was his mission to bring down her cruel pride. In his thirtieth year he was directed to go to Florence, where he went at once to the Convent of St. Mark, famous for its library, for its paintings by Fra Angelico, and for the reputation of its founder. He was urged to enter the pulpit; and this he at length consented to do by preaching a series of Lent sermons in 1483. So well known were his learning, his uncommon piety, and his glowing eloquence that he appeared in the Church of St. Lorenzo in Florence, where these sermons were to be preached, with a very high reputation. His hearers, on the tiptoe of expectation, were prepared to admire and applaud. Yet no orator ever made a greater failure. In point of style, of gesture, of manner, of voice, it was an utter miscarriage. His hearers dwindled to twenty-five persons. He almost resolved to give up preaching altogether. But soon the natural energy of his temperament induced him to take another course. He determined to speak with the voice of thunder, and to rouse the slumbering Florentines from the lethargy into which they had been cast by luxury and idleness. The corruptions of the Church had reached a height which left little, in point of morality, to choose between Paganism and Popery. From the head of the Church, the wily pontiff, Borgia, down to the lowest, dirtiest religious mendicant, the Church was one mass of seething impurity. There was no attempt made to hide their vices, so that it might be said, though in a different sense, "they were naked, and were not ashamed." Dwelling on these things, the mind of Savonarola became greatly excited. He began to look and to pray for a direct revelation from God. Soon many and strange visions began to visit him. At last, one day, while he was conversing with a brother monk, the heavens seemed to open all at once, and a voice commanded him to declare, in the face of the people the future calamities of the Church. From that moment until the hour which ended his life he was convinced that a divine mission had been intrusted to him,—that mission being the separation of the Church from the State as the remedy for her diseases. Thenceforth the one aim, the one thought, which filled his breast, was how best to fulfil the task which he believed had been placed in his hands by God himself,—the task of political liberty and ecclesiastical purity against Lorenzo the Magnificent, Leo X., and the ever-to-be abhored pontiff, Borgia.

S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.
Hackney, London, England.

---

## SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere within that radiant circle,
By sweet, immortal joy made glad and free,
Dwell those we love and who have loved us;
And they await our coming,—you and me.
All stainless are the names of those now sheltered
Within that sacred circle of the blest.
All griefs, all sins, all sorrows, are forgotten;
And silenced are all anguish and unrest.

No tears course down the cheeks of those safe landed
Within that realm where pain and grief are o'er;

No mocking hope, but half fulfilled, can torture,
Nor lingering doubt can reach them evermore.
The labor and suspense are ended, the breakers past,
And the long journey o'er:
Their sun has set within this vale of sorrow,
And dawn has come to them on fairer shore.

Our griefs, our fears, our heartaches, and our longings,
Are ours, not theirs, ah! nevermore again!
How sweet to think we journey on toward *them*,
Not them toward us and this wide world of pain.
To feel and know that we are not forgotten,
We are but waited for within a brighter sphere;
That they are satisfied, and do not see the struggle,
But are content to await us over there.

The way seems long, the struggle never-ending;
But yet, we know, a time will surely come
When we, and all our sins, our sighs, and sorrows,
Alike shall fail and falter and be dumb.
The nearest and the dearest, the weak, the wicked,
Ah, yes! the Father's weakest, frailest child,
Tossed on the waves of Life's most fearful tempest,
Will reach at last the Haven, purified.

No need to worry, fear, nor pray for any,
No matter what the weakest soul hath sown:
The Hand that beckons to us o'er the border
Remembers we are dust, and calls us *all* his own.
How vain and foolish is our human longing
To see the way before us as we go!
To right the wrong about us is our glory:
The Eternal One, alone, the end must know.

Somewhere within that shining circle,
Within the Kingdom of the Immortal Part,
Shall we not look again into the eyes that love us,
And understand, at last, the human heart?
*Somewhere* within that radiant circle,
Where those we've missed from earth do now abide,—
O loved ones, lingering yet within the shadows
On this side of the River, may the tide

That bore *them* out into the great forever
Come gently laving at our feet,
And, when we fall into that dreamless slumber
Where earth and all its ties are quite forgot,
May we drift out and on, adown Time's river,
Steered by our very tenderest friend, sweet Death,
Into that love-blest circle, and forever
Into eternal rest.

PHILIP FALCONAR DEANE.

## THE VISION OF RABBI ZEB.

In the days of old there lived in the land of Hindostan one Rabbi Zeb, a man famed in all that region for his wisdom and skill in Eastern lore.

Despising the aims of this world as idle, he lived a life of poverty and meditation.

One sees in old and modern times how often pride and learning go hand in hand. The wiser one becomes, the more he strives to comprehend. To him as to many another philosopher, the mysteries of destiny, life and death, afforded themes of perplexing thought.

One day, while musing upon these things according to his wont: "Why," said he, "is so much excellence mixed with so much baseness in the heart of man? why all these passions and errors without number, and all this bitter pain? Why should this noble spirit be chained to this clod which men call the body? why should sickness and death limit its course, and end all struggle at last? Had Allah taken counsel of me, when he called the world out of chaos, with his power I could have made a better existence than this mortal one of ours!"

Hardly had he thus spoken than from the high heaven an angel descended and stood suddenly before him. A shining crown was upon his head, and a wondrous splendor shone from his golden wings.

While the rabbi gazed astounded at the vision before him, the angel thus addressed him,—

"The Creator hath heard thy censure upon his plan of creation. He calls upon thee now for assistance, and bids thee come to his aid."

Then the angel laid his hand upon the rabbi's arm, and with the quickness of thought they sped through space until they reached an unknown star not yet discovered by astronomers, fresh from the creator's hand, as yet uninhabited by man or beast.

Alighting upon this unknown world, the angel said: "This star hath been made for thee. It is uninhabited. Thou shalt people it with a race of men entirely after thy own design: this is Allah's will. For the space of fourteen days he bestows upon thee creative power, but all thy creations must be more perfect and happier than those of the earth, thy former home. Animate now this star:

form from the dust men according to thy will; but take heed that they be more perfect and happier than those thou hast seen in the earth-world, or the wrath of Allah will fall upon thee!"

Thus saying, the angel vanished; and Rabbi Zeb was left alone, his heart swelling with pride and conscious power.

"Am I, then, a creator? and is it, then, in my power to do that for which I have often longed? The angel's threat does not alarm me. I will make life indeed more perfect and men more happy than in the world I have left; but first let me well comprehend my task before I begin it.

"In this new creation, as I shall make it, man must be of a social nature: that I have found to be good and fitting; for, if one lives alone and apart from others, he has no chance for benevolence, and benevolence conduces to happiness. He shall be free from all pain, all sorrow; yet—hold! if he be free from sorrow, he will know no joy. But, if it be impossible to free him from all sorrow, I will at least free him from all vice. Upon this my star there shall be no envy, pride, hatred, or discord: only virtue shall dwell here. No ambition and arrogance shall bring sighing, tears, and death. Might shall not oppress the feeble: only gentle emotion shall rule the breasts of my new people. The crazy brood of passions shall not make sport of the souls of my creatures. Avarice is the child of greed, and murder springs from hate, jealousy from love, ambition knows no bounds. My new man, then, I see, must have no passion. Yet am I not at fault there?

"Is not passion the soul of action, the source of power and noble deeds? A creature without passions would be an automaton without power,—one who yields to all things, flees all danger, and would undertake no worthy deed. My new man, I see then, must have passions. Still, must I leave him to struggle alone with them? I must at least not bestow them equally upon all, lest I have too much resemblance among them. I see I cannot keep my new creatures wholly from evil, if I would. As the painter puts light and shade upon his canvas, so must virtue counterbalance vice in the heart of my new man; but, to compensate, shall I not bestow a deeper spirit and loftier imagination and higher grade of perfection than mortal man hath attained? A deeper spirit? but let us see how far shall the spirit be permitted to penetrate. Shall it perceive all things which the Creator denied to the sons of Adam? yet, if he knows all things, the mysteries of nature will not awake his curiosity and incite him to study. I must then limit him. I will not endow him with all intelligence at first. But at least there shall be no fools in my world! No fools? Then talent and understanding would be unnoticed gifts! Self-conceit springs from stupidity, and want of knowledge gives one modesty. Alas! I see it plainly, I can make man no more perfect nor happier than those upon the earth."

So spake the rabbi; and still, as he thought and pondered, the clearer it became to him that he could devise no better a creature than Allah had already called into being.

The appointed day approached, and still the star was empty and unpeopled. A deep sleep came over the rabbi as he lay upon the ground. While he slept, a little gnat alighted upon his face, and stung him, so that he awoke in pain; and, catching the tiny insect, he exclaimed, "If I cannot create a man, at least I can make a gnat. Surely, such a little thing as that I can succeed in creating!" But, as he examined the tiny thing, searching it with inquiring gaze, his amazement increased, and he exclaimed: "There is nothing more wonderful than this little insect,—so skilful the structure of its little limbs, so exquisitely fitted, its wings like little cobwebs, its tiny bill so fine and slender! And I—I—vain Rabbi Zeb, can I think to make such a wonder? And not able to make even so small a thing, did I think to make a man?"

And, sinking upon his knees in deep abasement of soul, he cried: "O Allah, who gavest to me the power to work my own will, in deep shame I beg thee to take it back. I cannot even attain to thee in the creation of this little gnat. Be merciful to me, O Allah! I dared to find defects in thy plan of creation. Now in the dust I lie before thee. Who, O Allah, can fathom thy perfection!"

As he said this in deep humility, lo! before him stood the same angel who had conducted him hither. With a pitying smile he said: "Rise up, thou learned man. The

Eternal does not hate. He is merciful, and forgives gladly those who repent. He takes back again his gift to thee.

"The wisdom of the Creator is displayed not alone in man or animal. In the whole creation, in the infinity of nature, is his power shown. Each in his own way is good and perfect. The whole creation, wheresoever thou shalt turn thy gaze, shows the wisdom and perfection of its great Author's plan."

So spake the angel, and vanished in a flash of light that paled the glory of the stars.

The rabbi awoke, and found himself in his own room; and from henceforth he became a not less wise, but a humbler man.

E. L. R.

---

## PRAYING TO CHRIST.

An interesting discussion has been going on in the English Congregational paper, the *Christian World*, which probably has the largest circulation of any religious paper in the world, and is one of the most liberal of orthodox journals.

Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has created the controversy on the above subject. He is reported as saying, in substance, that he esteemed his Unitarian friends for their philanthropy and zeal for education, and could work with them in any of those causes, but could not worship with any denomination of persons who were not willing to address their prayers to Jesus. He hardly realized what a contest he was getting into with his orthodox coreligionists, leaving the Unitarians to look on with silent interest.

A correspondent in the above-mentioned paper writes a very interesting letter on the subject, bringing up the opinions of some of their older prominent divines. He says: "I recollect a remark of Dr. Halley in a sermon class. A student had opened with a prayer addressed to Jesus, and the old doctor . . . broke out in his usual abrupt fashion: 'You young men, I notice, often address your prayers to Christ. It is the common practice at meetings of the revivalist sort, is it not? I am not saying you should not do it. I only point out that it used not to be common. We were taught to pray to the Father through the Son.' . . . I remember Dr. Binney also, who had the class for a year, coming down heavily on one of our number who had commenced a prayer with the words 'Dear Jesus.' He spoke to the young man deferentially, but with great decision: 'I think, Mr. Z., that when you, a master of arts, presumably a man of masculine qualities of mind, stand up to lead the devotions of a congregation, you should be particular to adopt forms of address that are dignified and manly.'"

The correspondent adds: "We want for reunion purposes a really common form of worship, in which all truly religious souls can join. . . . We are not interested in retaining hymns and prayers that are narrower than our own terms of membership. Shylock says, 'I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor *pray* with you.' We have got beyond the difficulty of eating and drinking with men of all persuasions: shall we never rise above the difficulty of common prayer, or is the throne of the heavenly Father the only place to accentuate our differences?"

We think the custom of praying to Jesus and of using endearing familiar epithets in connection with his name arose about the time of the evangelical wave that swept over the English-speaking people. The coarseness, shallowness, and vice of high society, beginning in the reign of Charles II., and continuing through the Georges, found its counterpart in the Church of England, where many of the higher clergy were unblushing in their greed and sensuality, and neglect of their great calling. Then came the awakening. What started it we cannot tell, but it culminated in the Wesleys and Whitefield.

The steady-going old Congregationalist churches in New England, whose ministers were discussing free-will and predestination, and letting their farming people, men and women, fall asleep during the long prayer and prosy sermon, were startled by the little Methodist groups that met in the school-house Sunday to shout and sing their love to Jesus. John, the squire's "hired man," slipped out of the pew in the old church to the school-house, and Pamely, the help, stood up for prayers at the revivals, and forgot her baked beans and brown bread Saturday night. The Congregationalists

opposed these innovations, as did the Church of England; but both were influenced more or less by them. We remember hearing a venerated orthodox aunt say, "We shall never have any revivals in our church, because Dr. B. [the strong-willed minister] does not believe in them." Old Dr. Ripley of Concord, the minister of Mr. Emerson, and pastor of our mother's family in Concord, was very moderate in his Calvinism, and often called an Arminian. But the Unitarian branch that broke off later left the Calvinists more severe than ever; and they drew their creed lighter than before, but at the same time blossomed out into more fervid demonstrations, caught from the Methodists, and thus held their young people and enlarged their borders, making the type of young preacher depicted in our orthodox English paper to-day.

It is wonderful to see the great progress in liberal thought among our Congregational Orthodox brethren to-day. The above correspondence and the whole attitude of the Christian world is a proof of it in England, and the most educated and devout orthodox preachers in this country are preaching a gospel that few Unitarians would dissent from. Our own review, the *New World*, is a fine illustration of the unity of all profound religious thinkers, no matter what universities or what symbols of religion they may represent.

We have spoken of the Unitarians as taking no part in this discussion going on in an orthodox paper. But we find later one reply from Rev. Clement Pike, secretary of the Sunday School Society in Ireland. We think he overshoots his mark in attempting to prove that we really do often pray to Christ, not because we accept his Deity, but because we believe in his divinity. He asserts that Theodore Parker prayed to Christ in his hymn, "O thou great Friend to all the sons of men!" Harriet Martineau, also, in her hymn, "Lord Jesus, come for here." Channing appeals to Christ in closing a sermon, and Martineau addresses Jesus in like manner. The writer errs, we think, in not making a strong enough distinction between this address to Christ and worship. But address is only a natural way of apostrophizing a departed and exalted being, and the writer assumes too much when he says that this is an open question among Unitarians. It is a question of temperament among individuals.

Many of us are unwilling that Jesus should be considered merely a revered and loved Teacher of the past. We believe in the risen Jesus, he who "was dead and is alive again." If we, in moments of desolation, may call to our friends in heaven, and beseech them in our loneliness to help us bear the load of life,—we know that we are not deifying them or even bestowing omnipresence upon them,—how much more might we seek communion with our great Friend and Brother. The venerable Prof. Tholuck, a distinguished German orthodox theologian, in a conversation with Charles Lowe at Halle, denied the omnipresence of Christ as Deity, although his loyalty to Jesus as a present leader and friend was without question.

It seems now the only link necessary to connect us in spirit with our liberal orthodox brethren,—our warmth toward Jesus, the living Christ. Our personal coldness toward him, our great Leader, chills and disappoints them. They have given up their closing ascription in prayer: you hardly ever hear it,—the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. They simply say through Jesus Christ. We regret that so many of our ministers have given this up. There is no idea of substitution in it. We never used the Baptist and Methodist expression, "for Jesus' sake." That is the buying off, cringing idea of taking refuge in another. But the expression in his name conveys the idea of loyal affection and recognition that he helped us find God. We would not have this made a Shibboleth, as if we could never pray without it. Neither would we so carefully avoid the expression. Both courses partake of narrowness. Many preachers close their prayer with this expression, "in the spirit of Jesus, the Christ," which is good.

We cannot save men by telling them how a good man lived and died eighteen hundred years ago; but we must make them feel that this immortal Leader is with us to-day, who said, "If I be lifted up, I shall draw all men unto me." MARTHA PERRY LOWE.

---

Patience is passion tamed.—*Lyman Abbott.*

## TOLERATION IN RELIGION.

All will admit that a spirit of intolerance is inborn in mankind. The slaying of Abel by his brother Cain, because Abel's sacrifice was accepted and Cain's was not, is the first instance on record. That same spirit runs as a thread through all ages, and has been shared by patriarch and pagan. According to an old legend, a stranger once sought food and shelter of Abraham, but, when Abraham discovered that the stranger was a fire-eater, he set about to slay him; but the Lord said, "Abraham, I have tolerated this man more than eighty years: can you not tolerate him a single night?"

The Old Testament, instead of teaching toleration, gives many examples of the most severe intolerance, as in the destruction of the Baal worshippers by Jehu. There are, however, a few isolated cases of toleration, which have come down to us from early days, notably that of Asoka, a Buddhist king of India, who in 250 B.C. proclaimed throughout his kingdom toleration for the priests of all religions, since they all have the same purposes,—moral restraint and purity. Said he: "All forms of religious belief are to be respected and honored. A man ought to honor his own faith without blaming that of others; and he ought sometimes even to praise the faith which is different from his own. But he who hopes to exalt his own religion by blaming that of others injures both, for peace and concord are to be desired."

The true spirit of toleration was first manifested in Christ's command,—"Love your neighbor as yourself." Love is the fountain from which flows all toleration, and toleration necessarily precedes peace. It is evident, then, that we should cherish loving thoughts of all people, and humane ideas of all great religions; and, if we wish to advance the cause of our own religion, we must seek out and gratefully recognize the truths contained in other faiths. For nearly eighteen centuries after Christ the world has wholly ignored his teaching along this line. It was in the Middle Ages that intolerance was strongest, and that men who dared to differ from the fixed belief of the time were most cruelly tortured. See Latimer burning Friar Forest at the stake in 1548, under the direction of Cromwell: see Ridley and this same Latimer burning near Balliol College seven years later. This is the spirit which made Ferdinand of Bohemia say, "I should rather reign over a wilderness than over heretics." This is the spirit which to-day prompts the Turk to gratify his degenerate ambition by slaying thousands upon thousands of poor Armenians, who, in his eyes, are heretics because they do not worship at the shrine of Mohammed. The legal status of the Christian in Turkey is that of a prisoner of war. He is not allowed to hold any government position, nor does he enjoy the rights of citizenship. There is a higher degree of intolerance in Turkey than in any other nation of the present day.

The spirit of intolerance was introduced into America by the Puritans, who left Europe to escape the persecutions of their High Church brethren. Their first act was to banish Roger Williams to the tender mercies of the red man and to the hospitality of the forest during a New England winter, for teaching that every person should think for himself in all religious matters, and be responsible to his own conscience alone. Soon followed the persecution of the Quakers, which ended in hanging and the execution of the Salem witches. That is the spirit which is causing the trial of Dr. Charles A. Briggs of Union Theological Seminary for heresy, because he regards the Church, the reason, and the Bible as co-ordinate fountains of divine authority, and denies the inerrancy of the original texts. Dr. Briggs was once tried for heresy, and acquitted by the Presbytery of New York; but the case has been appealed by the prosecution, although the disastrous result of their action, which will probably be a split in the Church, was spread before them. Is it not a pity to make denominational limits so narrow that exact scholars and broad-minded men shall be excluded?

The first real step of modern times toward toleration was taken in 1598 by the French in passing the Edict of Nantes, which provided that the Huguenots might return to their homes and to full citizenship, and might maintain their religion on taking an oath of allegiance to the government. In Europe the last step toward toleration was taken when the English Parliament

decided that a man might take his degree from the University of Oxford or Cambridge, and might hold office in either, without acknowledging himself a member of the Church of England. The contest over this point lasted for forty years; but finally, in 1871, the last trace of exclusion for religious scruples was wiped out. How that contrasts with the feeling manifested even by American divinity schools! At Harvard Divinity School this year there are no less than three denominations represented in the faculty, and at least eight among the students.

Religious toleration was introduced into America about 1680 by the Huguenots, who settled in Charleston, S.C. The struggle for perfect toleration has been long and severe, and is by no means at an end to-day; but we, as a nation, lead the world, having a clause in the United States Constitution which says, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." This shows the wonderful change in thought between the framers of the Constitution and their Puritan ancestors.

Toleration, as practised to-day, is of many kinds, and arises from various causes. "True toleration is not an attribute or a quality of life," said Phillips Brooks, "so much as it is the utterance of life itself. Intolerance is meagreness of life. He whose life grows abundant grows into sympathy with the lives of his fellow-men. As when one pool among the seashore rocks fills itself full, it overflows, and becomes one with the other pools, making them one also with each other, all over the broad expanse." Toleration is a mutual charity, and is developed by a broader and higher education of mind and heart, and by a deeper faith in the religion we profess.

Frequently they who most complain of intolerance are those who are themselves least tolerant. For instance, a man who thinks it proper to work on Sunday may come among us, and because the people, whose only day of quietness and peace he is destroying, arise and stop him, he complains of their intolerance. It is he who is intolerant in trying to force his own solitary idea upon the community against its will.

Again, a small town may be working in harmony in a union church, and their efforts may be crowned with success, when a stranger comes along, and after a short residence begins to agitate the formation of a separate congregation of his denomination, and the organization of a church which would have to starve the poor minister that they might call. There it is not the people who do not accept the stranger's ideas that are intolerant, but the stranger, who is unwilling to assist in a union parish. Work of a nature similar to this is now going on in Maine, where a general committee settles by arbitration the cases of all small churches, that may be wanted in communities where the work is already well organized, under the direction of some other denomination.

Toleration is a young plant fostered by Protestant Christianity; and it is rapidly spreading in all lands, especially in America, France, and Germany. Where Christianity is most highly developed, toleration flourishes most luxuriantly; and it is going a great way toward accomplishing a universal peace, and causing the great standing armies to disband, and allowing the millions of men to return to their homes, to the cultivation of their farms, and to the prosecution of their trades. That will tend to raise the standard of life, and to relieve the poverty now felt throughout the world. The sentence is true which was written on one of the tablets of the Water Gate at the World's Columbian Exposition: "Toleration in religion, the best fruit of the last four centuries." President Eliot says: "This statement is not an exaggeration, but the literal truth. Toleration in religion is absolutely the best fruit of all the struggles, labors, and sorrows of the civilized nations during the last four centuries." Governments will now be more stable, life and home more safe, and faith more strong.

EDWIN BURT BECKWITH.

---

## PASSING JOY.

'Tis a chord in silence dying,
'Tis the bloom a flower lets fall,
'Tis a love no more replying
To a heart's impassioned call.
Oh, the note may be re-sounded,
And the flower's a fruitful thing,
To the heart whom death hath wounded
Other loves may healing bring.

But that one spent tone will never
  Thrill the air with winged spell,
And that beauty passed forever
  When the fragile petals fell,
And that love—O ceaseless longing!
  Can it be that it is so?
Can it be that death is wronging
  Every earthly joy we know?
Were the grace and sweetness fashioned
  Only for our mortal day?
Can it be the hearts that passioned
  Nothing were but hearts of clay?
No, ah, no! created beauty
  Utters forth God's yearning will,
Death is his immortal duty
  Gracious æons to fulfil.
Form and sound and color passing
  Living waves forever roll,
'Tis infinity amassing
  Body for its waiting soul.
No, ah, no! the deathless yearning
  In this mortal breast of mine
Is the quickened life-spark burning
  From the fire of Love Divine!

ELIZABETH HILL.

---

## THE GROWTH OF RELIGION.

Rev. W. C. Gannett has begun a most instructive as well as delightful course of lesson leaflets on "The Flowering of Christianity." These leaflets form the sixth year's course in the general series issued by the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society.

From No. 1, which is now before us and is entitled "The Growth of Religion," we quote the opening paragraphs.

### 1. All Things grow.

The word "Nature" means *birth*, and birth implies *growth*. There is nothing that is not a part of Nature, so nothing that does not "grow." This growth of things is nowadays called "evolution," which means *unrolling*. Rivers and flowers and faces and children and nations grow, or unroll, of course; but so do the things which "man makes," like the steam-engine or the bicycle, or a word, or a loaf of bread. And so do the things which, being within man, are not seen, like feeling and thought and science and religion. Religion is a part of Nature, so every religion "grows."

### 2. What does "Growth" imply?

Growth, in its turn, always implies two things,—*continuity* and *change*. The growing thing is one thing all the while, yet never one and the same thing: it changes in size, in shape, in complexity, in power, in use. Evolution is unity in transformation; and he only is a true evolutionist who sees and cares for both the unity *and* the transformation.

### 3. The Evolution of Religion.

Just so with a religion in its growing: it is all the time the one religion, yet none of the time the same religion. It changes in its doctrines, it changes in its morals, it changes in its ritual, or forms of worship. The history of a religion is the story of these changes. The change is usually slow, but in the course of a hundred years is plain enough. A long-lived religion is no more like itself as it was in the beginning than the oak is like the acorn, than the citied river at its ocean mouth is like the river in its mountain spring, than the old man is like himself in infancy. Christianity with its nineteen hundred years is comparatively a young religion. There are at least five older religions than it still living on the earth; and each one has its memory of childhood, its dream of the mountain spring, its story of seed and leaf and flower-stages.

### 4. A Formula of Evolution in Religion.

We cannot get too clearly in our minds this general fact of evolution in religion. It is the key to many a problem in our thinking: it gives us the large view of our own religion as well as of others, and it is the great antidote to bigotry. So let us study the fact in examples. It makes the whole thought plainer to first learn a short formula by which religions *try*, as it were, to grow. A normal, uninterrupted growth—so we infer from the comparative history of religions—would show four stages:—

(1) Animism, or the belief in souls.

(2) Polytheism, the worship of many gods.

(3) Monotheism, the worship of one God, God *over* all.

(4) Cosmic Theism, the worship of one God *in* all.

See how naturally one of these forms grows into the next. Religion, when it first becomes distinct in man, is *Animism*, the belief in souls,—souls of ancestors who

hover near, it is supposed, and souls of things; for everything in Nature is thought to be alive and have its individual soul. This is the faith of the lower savages to-day; and, if an old religion can be traced far enough back, we are sure to find signs of this faith at its source. As man learns more of Nature, he classes things together, and the souls of things correspondingly condense into fewer but mightier beings, gods and goddesses, some good, some bad, some mightier than the others, but all very like the barbarians who believe in them. The sky, the sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, the underworld, or rather the indwelling gods and rulers of these things, are worshipped now,—are worshipped locally and nationally. This is *Polytheism*, the belief in many gods. As men grow still more civilized and learn yet more of Nature, they feel increasingly the order and the unity in things; and so one God begins to rise above the others till he becomes supreme in power, his character ennobling and his nature spiritualizing as he mounts. While the people dimly recognize him, they tell the myths and haunt the temples and sacrifice before the various idols; but more and more the thoughtful in a nation worship *Him*, the other gods being to them but agents or symbols or aspects of the One Supreme. It may be that this Supreme God becomes in time the Only God, pure Spirit, and a God of perfect goodness. Then all idols cease. This faith, in proportion as it is full-grown, is *Monotheism*. If still beyond this lies another stage, we may call it *Cosmic Theism*, in which the One God is thought of not as *above* nature, ruling it from outside, but as *immanent in* Nature, its very Life, Law, Love,—the One in All, the All in One.

---

## A VACATION GLIMPSE OF ENGLAND.

Having been a few weeks in this historic land, so attractive to Americans, it occurs to me that possibly the readers of the *Unitarian* may be interested in a few brief jottings, particularly about such Unitarian activities and workers as I have chanced to come in contact with.

The late summer and early autumn is the time of the year when churches in England, as in America, are least active, and when ministers and leading workers are most likely to be away from home, getting a little rest from their long year's labor. There is, however, I am glad to say, not so much of summer church-closing here as on the other side of the ocean; and everywhere one goes there is at least some religious work going on.

The place in London which an American Unitarian naturally goes to first is Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, the cheerful headquarters building of the London Unitarians, corresponding to our own 25 Beacon Street, Boston. Here are a well-stored Unitarian book-room, a second room devoted to Sunday-school literature, the offices of the *Inquirer* and the *Christian Life*, and an audience-room, or hall, where are held many meetings of a general denominational character. Here, too, is to be found the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, who is sure to make his American visitor feel at home immediately.

Naturally, the first one of the London Unitarian pastors that an American thinks about is Dr. Brooke Herford, whom America still claims, and I suppose always will. Instead of taking his usual vacation in August, he takes it this year later, in going across the ocean (which, he tells me, he has crossed now fourteen times) to deliver the Dudley lecture at Harvard and to give an address at the National Unitarian Conference in Washington. Before this reaches you, he will be on your side, where he is to stay until the first of November. One cannot be in London long without becoming aware that he is as vigorous and active here as he used to be in Boston and Chicago. His church (Rosslyn Hill Chapel), though not a large one, is situated in one of the finest sections of London, and has connected with it a very influential congregation, which enables him to make himself felt strongly in the Unitarian work of the city generally. Under his leadership the British and Foreign Unitarian Association has nearly doubled its financial receipts. Last winter he was well at the front in the "Forward Movement," as it was called, of the London Unitarian churches, the aim of which was to increase the circulation of tracts and other Unitarian literature, to arrange for courses of doctrinal sermons by

leading preachers in as many sections of the metropolis as possible, and in all other practicable ways call public attention anew to our religious thought. As doubtless many of your readers already know, the course of doctrinal discourses preached by Dr. Herford in connection with this movement has been published in book form; and it is proving a very valuable work to put into the hands of inquirers about Unitarianism.

Within the past two years or so the British and Foreign Unitarian Association has been manifesting decidedly new activity in the publication of tracts. The result has been four or five fresh series, some doctrinal and some practical in their character. As these are from the pens of our ablest preachers and writers, not only in England, but in America as well, and deal with themes of the most living religious interest, it is not strange that they are strong and admirable, and are proving a valuable help to ministers, Post-office Mission committees, and other Unitarian workers in all parts of Great Britain. I cannot but think that some of these tracts might be reprinted with advantage by the American Unitarian Association for use on its side of the water.

It is a great sorrow to learn that Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, who was prevented by ill-health from coming to America last fall to preach the opening sermon of the National Unitarian Conference in Saratoga, has been kept by the same cause out of his own pulpit in Bedford Chapel all the year. I am told that he is now much better, though not yet well. What will be the future of his church is not known.

I am glad to find that another of our leading English preachers, Rev. Richard A. Armstrong of Liverpool (known to many in America), whose influential work in that great commercial city has been somewhat interrupted during the past year or two by sickness, seems to have entirely recovered. He has been taking a long rest, and a journey to Egypt and Palestine, and has come back quite made over and ready for as vigorous work as ever. I have just been looking through the life of the late Dr. H. W. Crosskey, so many years our well-known minister in Birmingham, which Mr. Armstrong has recently given to the world. The book is an unusually interesting and inspiring one. If any young man wants to see what a field for noble leadership and far-reaching influence is open to a liberal preacher to-day, let him read this stirring biography.

It will interest many of your readers to learn that Mrs. Ormiston Chant is to visit America again this fall. She sails for Boston about September 25, and will remain until about Christmas, devoting her time mainly to speaking in New England in behalf of woman suffrage. But we trust that various other good causes and many of our Unitarian churches will share the inspiration of her eloquence. She is as indefatigable in her philanthropic, reformatory, and religious work in England as ever, doing an amount of preaching and lecturing and writing that few women, or men, either, for that matter, could endure. Last winter she led in a public movement to purge one of the leading places of popular amusement in London from its notorious immoralities. The struggle was a very severe one. The worst elements of London arrayed themselves bitterly and determinedly against her; but she won her battle, and with it the gratitude of everybody who cared for public virtue.

Since coming to England I have had the pleasure of spending several weeks in Oxford, that charming city of colleges, of beautiful gardens and fine old architecture, of rich historic associations, and of learning. Within the past five or six years Unitarianism has planted itself there by removing Manchester College, the theological school of our English liberal churches, from London to Oxford, and erecting for it in its new home a fine and excellently appointed building at a cost, for edifice and grounds, of $250,000. This is the college of which Dr. Martineau was so long the principal. Dr. James Drummond, an able scholar and teacher, known in the world of theological learning through his "Jewish Messiah," "Philo Judæus," and other works of careful scholarship, is now at its head, with Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, who spent three months in America last year, Prof. C. B. Upton, and Prof. J. E. Odgers, as his helpers. Though I found Oxford in the quiet of its summer vacation season, yet a summer school (connected with the English University Extension movement) was in

progress, bringing together some eight hundred teachers from all parts of the kingdom, and enabling me to see something of the education, life, and thought of the English people. In connection with this summer school Manchester College offered four short courses of religious lectures, one by Principal Drummond on "New Testament Textual Criticism in the Eighteenth Century," one by Prof. Odgers on "English Presbyterians and their Allies in the Eighteenth Century," one by Rev. Alexander Gordon of Manchester on "Philip Doddridge," and one by Rev. V. D. Davis of Liverpool on "The Hymnology of the Eighteenth Century." These lectures it was my privilege to hear. The chapel of Manchester College serves regularly as a Unitarian place of worship for Oxford, and there is preaching there every Sunday morning by one of the professors or by some minister from a distance. The religious influence in Oxford is, of course, overwhelmingly orthodox, the Established Church overshadowing everything else. Until recently all the colleges belonged to that church. Indeed, it is only a comparatively short time since no student was permitted to take a degree from the university without subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles. Now such subscription is not required. Nor is this all: two of the dissenting denominations, the orthodox Congregationalists and the Unitarians, have now established in Oxford colleges of their own, and most of the Christian denominations have churches there. Oxford is the most important educational centre in England; and certainly, as Unitarians, we have not any too soon lifted up there a beacon light of our faith.

One of my pleasant experiences since coming to England has been a visit to Bournemouth, a fine watering-place on the south coast, in connection with one of Miss Taggart's "Summer Excursions" of Unitarians. You may have heard of these excursions, for they have been going on for some years. Miss Taggart is a London lady, well known for her activity in Unitarian and philanthropic work. Some years ago she conceived the plan of enabling Unitarians of limited means, particularly young people, to get pleasant and profitable summer outings without much cost. The year of the World's Exposition in Paris she took several companies over there, and gave them a week at the Exposition at rates that enabled many to go who otherwise would not have found it possible. Last year she arranged excursions to the English lake region, the home of Wordsworth. This year the place chosen was Bournemouth, where there is sea bathing and much else of interest. Her plan is to engage one or more large houses where the excursionists can find entertainment at very reasonable rates, arrange for reduced fares on the railways, and then advertise in the Unitarian papers and by circulars sent to the various churches. The movement grows more and more popular each year, as it becomes better known. At the time of our visit to Bournemouth the excursion party numbered about sixty, coming from nearly all parts of England. One Unitarian society (in Bradford, Yorkshire) was represented by its pastor, Rev. E. C. Jones, and some twenty-five of his young people. Persons were coming and going all the while, the average time of staying being about a week. Thus in the six weeks that the excursions last a large number of persons are served. As soon as new-comers arrive, they put on a badge of pink ribbon, which helps them to become acquainted and promotes a feeling of comradeship. Thus they are known as the "Pink Party."

These excursions seem to be beneficial in several ways. First, as has already been intimated, they enable many persons to get summer outings who otherwise could not; second, they combine instruction with pleasure, by arranging for lectures on the geology, botany, history, and literary associations of the places visited; third, and perhaps most important of all, they do much to promote acquaintance among the various Unitarian societies of England, bringing the scattered representatives of our faith into touch with each other and helping to create a feeling among them that they are related and have interests in common. Is there not in this excellent work which Miss Taggart has set on foot and is carrying on so quietly and yet so successfully a hint for the Unitarians of America?

For another reason Mrs. Sunderland and I were glad to get a glimpse of Bournemouth and the "Pink Party." We met there Miss Florence Hill of London, who is

assisting Miss Taggart in her excursions. Miss Hill is the general secretary of the Central Unitarian Postal Mission of Great Britain, and we were very desirous of meeting her for the purpose of getting information as to English methods of Post-office Mission work. This form of missionary activity sprung from and has been patterned somewhat after the Post-office Mission of America, yet it is developing here in ways of its own. Besides the Central Postal Mission of London, there are now local missions in various parts of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. The Annual Report for 1895, recently published, shows a great deal of excellent work done in advertising and sending out Unitarian tracts to inquirers, writing letters, visiting correspondents, establishing "circles of religious fellowship," loaning and selling liberal books, raising money for missionary uses, etc. The recent attempt to introduce into the public schools of London such religious tests as would drive out Unitarian teachers has created an increased demand for Unitarian literature, and the Postal Mission has been a very important instrumentality in supplying the demand.

There is much else that I should like to add. England is marvellously full of interest, especially this great London, which is not only the centre of Great Britain, but of the world. The days and weeks spent here fly all too fast; but there is no space left to tell of the wonderful panorama. I have simply given a few hasty items about such of our Unitarian activities and workers as I have chanced to come into contact with since I reached England, and these must suffice for the present.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

London, Eng.

---

## AN EPITAPH.

Dead in the churchyard, where 'twas born, doth lie
My Calvinistic creed. Mark, passer-by,
That it came home to die.

Nor brief nor barren was its earthly day.
The Lord gave, and—are we not taught to say?—
The Lord hath taken away.

C. LEECH.

## DIVINITY IN HUMANITY.

When we consider with comprehensive thoughtfulness and reverence what God must be, according to the highest conception of him attained from Plato to Emerson, or from Isaiah to Channing, or later, and from both the scientific and spiritual points of view, does it not seem to have been a presumptuous and bold thing for a man, even the Man of Nazareth, to assume to know so much as he did of God, as that he was the Father of Mankind and that he himself was one with him? He in the Father, and the Father in him. So it must seem, especially to the quasi-theists who deny personality to God, thinking of Jesus in this particular as being influenced and dominated by an unreasoning, "unscientific," religious enthusiasm.

But it was a great attainment from a great spiritual height; and how it has influenced the ages and generations, particularly of Christendom, ever since! And now the prayer of innumerable millions is to "our Father who art in heaven," and offered more or less with the confidence and hope of children. And was not Jesus first to proclaim the universal fatherhood of God, and to require all who receive it to live it as well as to believe it, and also the outcoming doctrine of the brotherhood of man? These two doctrines the foundation of the two great commandments of love to God and man.

In a fragmentary way the fatherhood of God—not the *universal* fatherhood, I think—had indeed been announced before; and we have in Isaiah the tender and touching plaint or appeal to the Eternal: "Doubtless thou art our father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: thou, O Lord, art our father, our Redeemer; thy name is from everlasting." But this is not in the broadest sense the Lord's Prayer that all Christians are praying now,—all but the Calvinists, who put their own sectarian limitation upon it, and confine its use to "the elect," and one of these, and a D.D., I remember, criticised Phillips Brooks for giving it a universal application in a grand sermon on the parable of the prodigal son. But it was for the Methodists,—terribly anti-Calvinistic,—the mystics, and the later liberal and Broad Church

Christians to wrest this prayer from such a selfish, perverted use, and to restore it to all. And it might be pertinent, perhaps, to inquire of those theists who deny personality to God, Whence comes *our* personality, if not from a higher personality? Does the stream rise higher than its source, or something come from nothing?

But as to the oneness of Jesus the Christ with God, whether we consider his claim to it as based on the supernatural or the intuitional and spiritual, within "the natural laws of the spiritual world," even in the latter case, if not a bold assumption, yet was it a very marvellous and impressive one; and the faith of Christendom, in its best spiritual aspects, is the result. But Jesus never spoke of himself as God; and he corrected and rebuked those who had falsely charged him with having done so, when he had only said, "I am the Son of God." And yet, standing alone, unexplained, and not modified by anything he had said before or afterward, his "I and my Father are one" would have been to the old theologians and their followers the one great proof text of his Deity, and with them the end of all controversy. But it does not stand alone; and it has become too familiar a fact to point out that he prayed that his disciples to the end of the world might share and enjoy the same oneness with the Father that was his life and his joy,—"that they all may be one as we are one." So his Deity finds no support here; and it seems no longer to be a favorite text with his deifiers, but rather of those who receive him simply as the Son of God, God's image, and his highest, divinest manifestation in human form. And the prayer of Jesus was answered in the experience of many of his disciples, who thus learned the simplest yet grandest of truths, that "they who dwell in love dwell in God, and God in them," giving them of his inspiring spirit. And "the beloved disciple's" testimony was: "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full." So this experience of both Jesus and his disciples—this conscious life of oneness and harmony with God—is the true "Incarnation,"—not God manifest in one man only, the "God-man," but in all men as they become godlike under the lead of Christ. And it must be mainly by this divinity in humanity that universal human redemption will be ultimately wrought out, and the human race carried forward to its designed perfection.

It is not by any merely human theories, methods, and contrivances—not especially by any form of selfish and destructive socialism or anarchism, or violent strikes, though just and righteous in their ends—that the desired and God-designed liberty, fraternity, and equality, and universal prosperity and peace on earth are to be, or can be, achieved,—"not by might and power,"—mere human might and power,—"but by my Spirit, saith the Lord,"—the spirit of universal love, manifest in good willing and good doing by all to all,—the now much talked of and glorified divine fatherhood and human brotherhood, devoutly and faithfully lived as professedly believed, put into corresponding deeds in all departments of society, not only into individual and social life, and made the manifest life of churches, but into commerce and trade, into all business corporations and even into politics, as into the various charities and philanthropies, each being for all, and all for each, in every sphere of life, in genuine fraternity and good will; and then will "the kingdom of God come, and his will be done on earth as in heaven,"—so long and still delayed, because the oft-repeated prayer for it is generally much more a prayer of words than of faith and deeds, and which never will be answered till we all do our part in answering it.

W. H. FISH, SR.

---

## THE SHREWD LAYMAN.

October is a good month for church economy.

It is a good time not to begin going to church for fear the habit of regularity should grow upon you.

It is a good time to give up that extra seat, now John is old enough to pay for one himself, but doesn't.

It is a good time to take only one package of envelopes for the winter's collections, although there are three in your family; for, though this may seem a little like practical Trinitarianism, you may justify yourself on

the ground of necessary prudence. It would certainly be unjustifiable extravagance to give three ten cents to the cause of God and your fellow-men, truth, righteousness, and love.

It is a good time to keep out of the way of dear old Deacon —— and the energetic Dr. —— and the young and happy Mrs. ——; for they are so devoted to the old church and the new minister they are sure to be meditating some plans for greater usefulness.

It is a good time to declare you know nothing about music, that a weak tenor or an amateur bass, a cranky organ pedal or a wheezy bellows, does not in the least disturb your devotions; for the Music Committee are out, anxious to "raise more money" for strengthening "their end of the church."

It is a good time to send your little son to some other Sunday-school for a few Sundays, so that he may "take his choice" without prejudice, and be thoroughly impressed with the fact that religion is an individual fad to be chosen as one chooses flavorings at the soda fountain, and not a deep truth of life to be learned patiently. This idea will wean him from too close an attachment to the Sunday-school of your own church. It will relieve him from a sense of duty, loosen the bond of faithfulness, and enable you to forego your usually handsome response to the yearly special appeal on behalf of the little ones.

It is a good time to stop taking the *Unitarian.* You will thus save yourself, at one stroke, a whole dollar a year! That will surely more than compensate you for the loss in your home of all the high appeal, noble example, encouragement to pure and holy living that comes from the leaders of our faith through the *Unitarian.*

---

## TYPES OF THE SPIRIT.*

Seeing that mankind is what it is, it is a happy social event when out of utter social strangeness there is formed an indissoluble friendship. So in the cold world there is one spot divinely warmed, and the higher life is triumphant there.

There is more divine life instilled from good deeds than is distilled from all the stores of learning.

The long ago has much sweet sadness. In the long ago there was a church on the hill much frequented, now a ruin and a home for swallows; the pews now empty, once alive with parents and little ones; the pulpit dumb. In the long ago there was a school-room, the desks much maimed by wanton knives, boys and masters now scattered all abroad. In the long ago there were old folks at home, now no more at home; and a sweet sadness fills the old arm-chair. In the long ago there were little feet that walked the playground, and now have walked into the hereafter; and a sweet sadness follows the dear ones. In the long ago there were some friends, now gone from earth; and their places are filled with a sweet sadness. In the long ago there were good old times, now no more forever. These and the like were in the olden time, and have left a sweet sadness behind. Thus seeming evils do not come from Providence without a softening.

Jesus obeys the Scripture injunction, Acquaint thyself with God, what is native to God and native to man. He is wont to pray to God, he holds intimate communion with God. What fractions of manhood, then, are we all! but with an evolution that is making progress toward the completion of the divine place in the realm of humanity, and toward making whole numbers out of fractions.

Now it is morning, and now it is night. An infinite something called time must have come between. The mystery of time does not stop for the tardy, nor hasten for any one. It moves all the same into the great hereafter where time is no more. With eyes shut and in the darkest night you can know the mystery of time steadily passing along. Mountains do not obstruct it, the sea may tumble and engulf; but time gets no hurt. It rounds off the seasons, and it is time all the way, and no gap from June till June again. Time measures any number of centuries for the use of man, of Christ and the church. The mystery of time moves toward eternal blessedness.

One does not have to live long in order to leave much behind him. That is the place for it. There is much that should be left

*These thoughts were dictated for the *Unitarian* during the last illness of Mr. Bicknell, who died August 31.

behind to go into the gulf of oblivion,—much, too, that should not be left behind. There is too much foundation of society for that; too much saintliness without going back to canonization, too much of a piece with the Eternal. It is the beneficent order of our being that it should be so. We have no doubt such an arrangement is the best thing infinite wisdom could plan.

There are many things to be shown us, so we must be up and marching along to get the profit according to the leadership of Providence. There must be no loitering in babyhood, however sweet to parents and aunts, to brothers, sisters, and cousins, no loitering in youth, though ever so fresh, in middle age, strong as it may be. And what would the infirm in their declining years do, were it not for faith in the happier scenes that await them?

WM. M. BICKNELL.

---

## THE MIST.

A veil of silken softness, wrought like lace,
The mist creeps up from the majestic sea:
Flung on the coast line where the waves roll free,
Its wavering outline we can faintly trace,
Narrowing to our small vision boundless space,
And dimming all the distance that should be.
The while, all iridescent from the lea,
The fine, thin films rise with ethereal grace,
And mass themselves in fortresses and towers.
Then the gray network doth eclipse the sun,
And silences the birds among the trees.
The city grows a phantom, wraiths the bowers,
The mountains cloud-racks, motionless and dun,
Earth a mirage that melts into the seas.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

---

## THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The National Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches will hold its sixteenth session at Washington, D.C., beginning Monday evening, October 21.

If one who is becoming a veteran in the service of the Conference can judge by the indications, the Conference will be one of the largest and strongest ever held. The result at Saratoga not only surprised and pleased those who were present at that eventful meeting, but also inspired confidence in lovers of our cause throughout the country. A new interest has been awakened. Hope, expectation, and enthusiasm have taken the place in many cases of doubt and apprehension. We hear less than ever before from within and without of the cry that the day of Unitarianism has gone by.

The programme which has been made will certainly interest our people. Great subjects will be treated. The difficulty is that the week will be so crowded with rich food for mind and heart that the delegates will be unable to take all the courses. Washington is very accessible for those who come from regions west of the Hudson River; and it is probable that a large Western delegation will take this opportunity to visit the beautiful city, which is the capital of the country, and to make the acquaintance of Unitarians from the East. Eastern Unitarians who have been accustomed to social recognition and numbers sufficient to prevent loneliness know little of the surprise and pleasure of one who has always lived where Unitarians were regarded as peculiar phenomena both in the church and in society, and not too numerous at that, when they see them assembled in a multitude. At once their self-respect is increased. The cause assumes larger proportions. They take courage, seeing that something has been done which may be done again in other parts of the country. Apathy is the one thing to be dreaded. We have no enemy more destructive than indifference. Unless all signs fail, the coming meeting at Washington will be preceded by a period of expectation and hope, and will be followed by an advance all along the line. The Unitarian Association stands ready to do any amount of work when the churches are ready to stand by it. A little active interest, a little knowledge increased on the part of all the men and women of our parishes, more willingness to give, and an increased desire to work, a purpose to have something done by our churches which shall be of national importance, would instantly change the aspect of affairs and make our Church more than ever a conspicuous factor in the advance of civilization and religion in the United States.

This meeting ought to have many attractions for our friends who are scattered throughout the South. Some of the most intelligent men and women, representing the best sentiment of that part of the country, —the new South,—which is so rapidly be-

coming a powerful factor in the national life, would find themselves greatly helped and strengthened by meeting at Washington representatives of Unitarianism from all parts of the country.

The churches everywhere should actively co-operate with their ministers in securing a full representation at this meeting. No church can afford to allow its minister to be absent merely because he cannot afford the expense. If the church can afford it, and he cannot, let him go as a delegate, expenses paid. Let no rich church fail of a delegation because wealthy people do not volunteer to go. There are always men and women of the finest intelligence and spiritual quality who are available for such service, although it does not always happen they have full purses. It should be honorable to them and to their church if they were appointed and their expenses paid whenever it is necessary to secure a representation. The minister or lay delegate who attended the Saratoga Conference and did not return more like "bottled sunshine" than he went must have failed to catch the spirit of that eventful meeting.

The Unitarian Church in America during the last thirty years has come into something like a coherent organization. It has provided for its purpose machinery enough of every kind. When complaint is made that the machinery does not work efficiently, it would be well to remember that, given a decent organization and a reasonable amount of machinery, the entire condition of effective work is not more machinery, but *power*. An animated interest in the best things in American life, a spirit of devotion to the highest interests of the republic poured through the channels of moral and religious activity, are always the result of a National Conference. From the Unitarian Association to the smallest guild or club in the country there is no organization which would not show increased activity if there were a rising tide of spiritual power in all the churches. In the changed conditions of American life we can no longer trust to the social and religious conditions which formerly were so favorable to the production of literature and the growth of strong churches manned by great men. The home life, the compact social organization, and the close, friendly intercourse of the old times have passed away. The men and women who represent the Unitarian thought and life are scattered over the United States. To make themselves felt now, they must draw together, combine their forces, and stimulate one another by the interchange of thought, the cultivation of friendship, and by co-operation in planning great things for the common good.

There has been no time in the history of our Church when, with so little difference of opinion among ourselves and with so little adverse criticism from without, we could define our purpose, state our object, and summon our forces to undertake important work for mutual benefit and the common good. In literature, in the life of our churches, in the spread of truth, in the establishment of new centres of influence, in the proclamation of a simple gospel freed from injurious traditions and adapted to the free movements of life and progress in our time, we have now an open course. If we may trust what appear to be evident signs of the time, the men and women of our churches will show their faith by their works, and make the meeting at Washington, with what comes after, memorable in our history.

GEORGE BATCHELOR,
*Chairman of the Council.*

---

NATIONAL CONFERENCE, WASHINGTON, D.C., OCTOBER 21–24.

There are many "potent circumstances" connected with the coming Conference at Washington, which should, and undoubtedly will, tend to make it as attractive as any held since the first, thirty years ago.

Foremost there is the occasion itself. A religious convention has an attractiveness which is *sui generis*. There is unique pleasure in being one of a great gathering of interested and interesting people, animated and inspired by love of the same great faith, eager to know what the denomination is doing and is going to do, and anxious to hear again, or for the first time, the men who are the spiritual leaders or the intellectual giants of the fold.

Second, there is the city of Washington, which so recently as 1865, the date of our first Conference, was, as Prof. James Bryce says, hardly more than a wilderness of mud and negroes, with a few scattering big houses, but which now is one of the finest and handsomest capitals in the world.

And last, if not best, there is the season,—the golden sunshine of four crisp October

days to make sight-seeing, between sessions, a delight and a recreation.

Dr. Hale said at Saratoga that our National Conference, unlike a parliament of religions, was a working, not a talking, body; that it existed to stimulate the Unitarian Church to greater exertions in the cause of "Christian faith and work," and to discover new activities and to carry these forward. The Council, in preparing its program for this year, has apparently borne well in mind its late chairman's wise dictum; for it has chosen topics that directly relate, in almost every instance, to Unitarian thought or activities. The nearest approach to an exception in this general policy is in Mr. John Fiske's paper on "The Origins of Liberal Thought in America." But even this is made strictly helpful to the main missionary object of the program; for it is to be immediately followed by a second paper on "Our Unitarian Theology," by Prof. Charles C. Everett. It will be worth a trip to Washington to hear these two essays alone,—the one by our foremost American historian, scholar, and man of letters, and the other by one of the most learned of our American theological professors.

Another notable session of the Conference will undoubtedly be that on Thursday morning, when topics relating to spiritual life, as "The Holy Spirit," "Incarnation," "Atonement," and "Forgiveness," will be treated.

The Thursday afternoon session will be given up to the discussion of "The Relation of the Unitarian Church to Social Problems," and that Prof. F. G. Peabody and Rev. Anna Garlin Spencer are to be the essayists is a sufficient commendation of its interest; while every denominational worker will find the Tuesday evening session, in charge of Rev. Edward A. Horton, of importance and profit. It will be devoted to "Our Young People, and their Relations to Church, Denomination, and Life at Large." The brilliant orator, Prof. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University, is to be the first speaker, followed by Rev. Mr. Bulkeley, Rev. Miss Hultin, Rev. Mr. Slicer, and Dr. Hale. The other features of the program are more familiar to Conference-goers, who well know that the opening sermon,—this year to be given by Mr. Savage,—the official addresses, the devotional exercises which link the days together, are all valuable and uplifting experiences.

The social side of the Conference will be made as prominent and as enjoyable as it has ever been in the past. The headquarters will be at the Arlington Hotel, which has large, handsome parlors so arranged that they can be thrown into one room. Washington abounds in good hotels and boarding-houses, and special rates have been made at both for the benefit of those who attend the Conference. M. A. M.

---

## ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

### SUNDAY.

*The Sweet Boy Singers.*

The organ pipes begin to roll
  Their sacred thunders on my ear;
All thoughts of evil flee my soul,
  And hate is far, and heaven is near.
Through jewel-panes of crimson glass
  The sunlight falls in flakes of fire;
And slowly two by two they pass,
  The sweet boy-singers of the choir.

From youths whose hearts begin to stir
  At locks of gold and lips of red
To one sweet baby chorister
  Of six years old, who walks ahead,
With silver tongues and modest eyes,
  Angelic in their white attire,
They tell the joys of Paradise,
  The sweet boy-singers of the choir.

Now, very faint and very far,
  Their voices in the distance die,
As if they mounted, star by star,
  To meet the seraphs in the sky.
I sigh at last to hear them cease,
  Such tender fancies they inspire,
Such heavenly thoughts of love and peace,
  The sweet boy-singers of the choir.

—*Minna Irving.*

### MONDAY.

*The Golden Side.*

There is many a rest on the road of life
  If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land
  If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
  And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
  Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to weave in the web of life
  A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
  And hands that are swift and willing,

Than to snap the delicate silver thread
Of our curious life asunder,
And then Heaven blame for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

—*F. W. Faber.*

TUESDAY.

*Irony.*

What would the world be if the good ceased striving,
Did no one stand for justice, no one say
I am for virtue, but the truth betray,
Raising no protest, silently conniving?
Who ever lived true life by such contriving!
Who has not longed, after some dreadful day,
For night to drop its curtain on the play,
With silent benediction all things shriving?
'Tis not by irony men live: we need
To know who are the mourners, who have tears;
Who would give life for country or for creed,
Not quench his own and others' fire in sneers.
Ah, God! from street to street we sometimes go,
As men in masks, and know not friend from foe.

—*A. G. B.*

WEDNESDAY.

*Children of Men.*

Children of men!
The unseen Power, whose eye
Forever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.
Which has not taught weak wills how much they can?
Which has not fallen on the dry heart like rain?
Which has not cried to sunk, self-weary man,
Thou must be born again.

—*Matthew Arnold.*

THURSDAY.

*The Cardinal Flower.*

Deep-colored wonder of the forest glade,
Edging the brook! Upon a fragile stem
Here Autumn lifts a marvellous diadem,—
Daughter, one-half of sunshine, half of shade.
All the lush summer's bounty went to fill
This jewel-bloom,—its forces to distil
This rich-wrought garment, recklessly displayed.
What queen of old was ever so arrayed?
Thine is the climaxed glory of the year.
When dark decay and boscage dun and sere
Disturb the heart, by deathly doom dismayed,
Hope starts to see this miracle so near,
And fronts the year's departure unafraid.

—*Joel Benton.*

FRIDAY.

*What is the Real Good?*

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.
*Order*, said the law court;
*Knowledge*, said the school;
*Truth*, said the wise man;
*Pleasure*, said the fool;
*Love*, said the maiden;
*Beauty*, said the page;
*Freedom*, said the dreamer;
*Home*, said the sage;
*Fame*, said the soldier;
*Equity*, the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly,
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
*Kindness* is the word."

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

SATURDAY.

*Through Peace to Light.*

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load;

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet:
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,—
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here:
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see:
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

—*Adelaide A. Procter.*

## EDITORIAL.

**National Conference.** THE cry is rapidly gaining currency, "On to Washington!" A general feeling seems to prevail on all sides that this coming Conference, to be held at the national capital, should mark a distinctly new point of attainment in the development of the Unitarian Church in America.

A year ago, at Saratoga, a splendid unity of purpose manifested itself in the unanimous readjustment of the constitution of the Conference to meet the high demands and broad spirit of the day. The living word of "love" became the keystone of the new preamble,—a fitting triumphal archway welcoming the new era of the coming century.

Such unheard of unanimity of purpose in a denomination where all are free and independent thinkers surely presages some united action.

Unity in spirit being assured, unity in effort is to be expected.

It is therefore to this coming National Conference all hearts are turned, with the hope that such proposals for forward work will be made and such enthusiastic response given that the Unitarian Church will henceforth occupy a place among the national religious influences of our times worthy of the pure and ennobling gospel she is striving to proclaim.

**Programme.** WE give the full programme of the coming Conference elsewhere. A handsome illustrated programme is issued by the American Unitarian Association, containing portraits of the prominent speakers, etc. This will be a pleasing souvenir of the occasion, and worth preserving. Of the special features to be anticipated each day vies with all the rest. None will wish to delay an early arrival in Washington, for fear of missing the opening sermon, which is to be given by Rev. Minot J. Savage.

For Tuesday, among the addresses of the officers, which are expected to open our minds in admiration at the brilliance of the new plans to be brought forward, there will be at least one that will hold every ear. It is that to be given by the president of the Conference, Hon. George F. Hoar, whose remarkable address at Saratoga attracted so much attention from the daily press of the country.

On the same day Rev. Dr. Brooke Herford, whom, through the subtile law of deprivation, regretfully acute, we desire to hear more and more, will excite both our competitive and co-operative instincts to the highest pitch by describing for us the present outlook of Unitarianism in England.

On Wednesday evening no one can afford to seek any other attraction whatsoever than that offered by the Conference, for two papers are to be given which, we are confident beforehand, will be classical contributions to Unitarian history. They are: "Origins of Liberal Thought in America," by John Fiske; "Our Unitarian Theology," by C. C. Everett.

On Thursday, if there is any depth of spiritual holiness in our souls, we shall have it stirred; for here is the recipe: "The Holy Spirit," by Rev. Howard N. Brown; "Incarnation," by Rev. William C. Gannett; "Atonement," by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford; "Forgiveness," by Rev. Mary A. Safford.

The "social-problem" aspect of our work will be ably reviewed in a paper by Dr. Francis G. Peabody on Thursday afternoon; and Thursday evening will be devoted to a grand rallying platform meeting of many voices, with all attention directed to the future.

**To India.** THERE is a great deal of real missionary work of lasting influence done by many of our earnest ministers and faithful workers during the weeks labelled "vacation."

As a fine example of such work, we think Mr. Sunderland's efforts deserve special attention. He is like a soldier who, though far away, hears the roar of cannon. Wherever there is an opportunity for special exertion, he is anxious to be there. The following letter will reveal to our readers Mr. Sunderland's "vacation" plans:—

*Dear Sir,*—The British and Foreign Unitarian Association has arranged with Rev. J. T. Sunderland, M.A., of Ann Arbor, Mich., U.S.A., formerly editor of the *Unitarian*, who has been spending the last two or three months in England, to go on a special mission on behalf of the Association to India for the purpose of studying the religious condition of that country, with the

special view of ascertaining what openings there may be for Unitarian thought and to promote closer and more fraternal relations between the Unitarian body and the Brahmo-Somaj. Mr. Sunderland will start on his mission early in November, and will remain about four months, visiting Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, the Unitarian mission stations in the Khasi Hills, Delhi, Agra, Banda, Lahore, and most of the larger cities of India. Mr. Sunderland will be glad to meet or otherwise put himself into communication with Unitarians or inquirers regarding Unitarianism, with leaders and members of all branches of the Brahmo-Somaj, and with representatives of other forms of progressive religious thought. Communications may be addressed to him at Bombay, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 13 Rampart Row, up to December 1, or during December and January at Calcutta, care of Thomas Cook & Son, 11 Old Court House Street, or to the editor of the *Interpreter* or the *Indian Messenger*.

Faithfully yours,
W. COPELAND BOWIE.

**Church Lectures.** AT a regular meeting of the Ministers' League for Practical Work, held at the American Unitarian Association Rooms, April 29, it was voted to prepare a lecture list, the object being to provide our weaker and smaller churches with lectures at a small expense. Thirty ministers, members of the League, have responded, and have consented to give, during the lecture season, a limited number of lectures, providing they are entertained and actual expenses are paid. Information will gladly be given to any church desiring to benefit by this arrangement, on application to the secretary of the League, Rev. Leverett R. Daniels, South Natick, Mass.

**God or Not?** A WRITER in the Boston *Transcript*, defending the orthodox faith, puts his case with considerable force and clearness thus:—

"The issue is plain and distinct.

"If the old idea is true, then Jesus Christ is the incarnate Son of God, miraculously born of the Virgin Mary, living on earth for over thirty years, doing acts which God alone can do, teaching a system of faith which was to be the future guide for all men, until he should come again to judge the quick and the dead; at last dying on Calvary under circumstances and amid surroundings which confirmed the truth of his sayings, and rising again from the dead and being with his followers until his ascent to heaven.

"On the other side, if the new conception is correct, Jesus Christ was simply a human being, free from the weaknesses of his fellow-men, living a purer life, and teaching a system of ethics which, when adopted, will enable men to so develop the moral nature inherent in them that they shall be like him, and to so increase in goodness that they will at length reach a plane that will have no desire for sin and no place for evil."

**Stones and Glass Houses!** DR. BOWLES DALY, editor of the *Indian World*, has been setting forth the beauties of the high moral teaching of the sacred Buddhist writings, and claiming that the moral ideal set forth is on the same lofty plane as the moral teaching of the "Sermon on the Mount." Why should we not be very glad that the millions of Buddhist disciples have such teaching even in their own Scriptures?

But the Christian missionaries seem to think that good things in Buddhism are degradations to Christianity, and the columns of Indian and English religious papers have bristled with onslaughts upon Dr. Daly's arrogance and Buddhist immorality. Alas, ye earnest-hearted but blind Christians! Are these personal charges proof of the absence of the highest moral ideal in the Buddhist Scriptures?

Dr. J. Ireland Jones, in the London *Church Intelligencer*, wonders how Dr. Daly can possibly "dissociate the theoretical from the practical," and how, knowing as he does how much immorality there is in Buddhist countries, he can still uphold the high morality of Buddhist faith.

O Dr. Jones, compare the attitude of your present Archbishop of Canterbury—taking precedence at all public functions next to princes, over the heads of earls and dukes, clothed about in the gorgeousness of fine robes—with the attitude of his Master, and then bring no more charges of arrogance against a Buddhist!

O Dr. Jones, take up to-day's *Times*, and then see if you can "dissociate the theoretical from the practical," and remain a Christian!

**What! Another Trinity?** THE foundation stone of the new Roman Catholic cathedral at Westminster, London, England, was dedicated "to the most precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, the price of our Redemption, and to his Blessed Mother, and Vicar,"—Christ, Virgin, and Pope. Well, Unitarians have at least the Father.

**Education for What?** "IT would be well," says the head-master of Harrow, "if the schoolmasters of the future took a wider view of education, and remembered that it is not so much the lessons learned in class that constitute education as the habits formed in a great and generous community. 'What is the education of the generality of the world?' exclaims Burke. 'Reading a parcel of books? No! Restraint and discipline, emulation and examples of virtue and of justice, form the education of the world.' Passing examinations and gaining marks do not constitute the true ideal of education. 'It is large and spacious and profound. It is, in Milton's stately phrase, so to train his pupils that they may "perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war."' That is a 'complete and generous education,'—that and nothing else. Speaking in my own name (for I have no right to speak for others), I do not care to turn out scholars and mathematicians, or, indeed, I do care, but I care far more to turn out governors, administrators, generals, philanthropists, statesmen."

**The Work of Schereschewsky.** A RUSSIAN Jew who was a boy prodigy, memorizing the whole of the Old Testament in Hebrew, becoming a convert to Christianity, emigrated to America, determined to obtain a Western education. The Episcopal Church sent him as a missionary to China, and he became Bishop Schereschewsky.

He has just retired from residence in China, and returned to the United States.

Although partially paralyzed in all extremities, so that he can neither walk nor hold a pen, he operates a typewriter; and upon this he has performed the unique task of translating the Old Testament books of the Bible out of the original Hebrew into classic Chinese, the language of four hundred million people. As the *Literary World* said, after an interview with Schereschewsky, "The patience of this devoted scholar is an inspiration."

**Religion in the Slums.** Two bits of intelligence reach us from the east end of the slums of London. The first is that serious charges have been brought against the rescue shelters of the Salvation Army on account of alleged insanitary conditions. These shelters have not been subject to the regulations governing ordinary lodging-houses, and their popularity among the most degraded has doubtless been largely due to the immunity from these restrictions. That they should become centres for the spread of contagious diseases is, however, not to be tolerated; and it is certainly to be hoped that the wise general was not aware of the loose management of his subordinates. It is rumored, however, that the particular work of the shelters could not be carried on under the regulations deemed necessary in ordinary lodging-houses. If this is a fact, we expect it is so from a merely financial aspect; and the difficulty ought to be overcome, for certainly nothing worse, from a health and comfort point of view, than the cheap lodging-house ought to be provided even for the absolutely homeless and penniless.

The other item is the announcement of a new movement, looking toward the evangelizing of the submerged masses. This movement is headed by Very Rev. Prior Vaughan. He comes from Australia, but has been so deeply touched by the sunken, irreligious condition of the very poor in London that henceforth he will devote his life to work in this field. Prior Vaughan is a liberal Catholic, and proposes some new methods. His noble effort is sure of ample support, and any success will be eagerly welcomed in so vast a field.

**Religion on the Heights.** AT the same time that we read of the efforts to carry into the depths of pauperism the lamp of religion, we are told of a new street in a very beautiful suburb of Boston in which each house stands in its own grounds, has every appearance of comfort and even luxury, and is owned by the

occupant. There are eight of these houses, but from not one does any person sally forth on Sunday morning to attend divine worship, *except the servants who attend the Catholic church a mile away, and return in time to prepare breakfast for their employers.*

**Pseudo-Miraculous.** ARCHBISHOPS and bishops testified to the miraculous cure at Lourdes of Pierre Delanay, who has now confessed that he only shammed illness.

The *St. James's Gazette* describes his case as follows: "Having served for some time as a hospital assistant, and thus become familiar with the clinical jargon, Pierre one day declared himself the victim of an attack of locomotor ataxia. For five years he fooled the doctors, and had a good time in bed, with nothing to do but dispose of the nourishing diet which his sad case called for. The doctors seem to have had their suspicions, however; and a severe course of 'the fire and hanging method' decided Pierre that the game was not worth the candle. So he decided, in the words of the song, to 'go where he was respected.'

"At Lourdes he was received with open arms; and, when in the sacred Grotto he threw away his crutches and proclaimed himself cured, he was received with cries of acclamation. Archbishops and bishops hastened to testify to the miracle, the Marquis de Villeneuve gave him an easy and lucrative post, and the world was made easy for the 'brand plucked from the burning.'"

**Unity not Uniformity.** DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, in an editorial letter to the *Outlook*, quotes from a conversation with Dr. Martineau, as follows:—

"Some remark of mine led him to give me a sketch of the origin of English Unitarianism. English Unitarianism has grown by a natural development out of the Richard Baxter Presbyterianism. The bond of union was not dogma, but spiritual sympathy. There was no creed, no theological definition. After the restoration of Charles II. and the Act of Uniformity, for a generation all churches not in conformity with the Church of England were prohibited by drastic legislation. They could not meet for religious worship, and the nonconforming ministers could not live within five miles of a large town. For a generation, therefore, whatever worship was conducted was in violation of this law, and by stealth. Of course, organized Presbyterianism was impossible; and when under William and Mary the Act of Toleration was passed, and liberty was again permitted, these Presbyterian churches had become independent, and have remained so ever since. But they have retained the character which they had taken on in Richard Baxter's time and under his influence. In the same church a Calvinist, an Arminian, an Arian, and a Socinian might work and worship together. There was no standard of belief. No one was required to define his theology: indeed, it was hardly considered permissible to do so. In this air of liberty, unhampered by creeds and traditional beliefs, the development went on naturally until the churches generally became in fact, though not in form, Unitarian in their belief. But the same spirit of freedom remains. They are representative of a perfectly unfettered Christian liberty. Their bond is spiritual, not dogmatic."

**Symbolism in Genesis.** "LA REVUE BIBLIQUE" has recently been reopening the old discussion as to the allegorical significance of the first chapter of Genesis.

The general conclusion seems to be that there is some allegory, some symbolism, and some literalism, and that no interpretation based upon any one of these methods alone, or which ignores any, can be satisfactory.

Regarding the vexed question of the six days a new suggestion is made. It is that these periods should not be regarded as synonymous with long geologic ages, but that the "division into six days adapted to the picture of the creative works has no relation to the works considered in themselves. Moses had to institute, or at least to consecrate, the liturgic institution of the week, comprising, in seven days, six of work and one of rest, devoted specially to the service of the Lord. To impress more strongly on the heart of the Jews the religious character of this institution, the Hebrew legislator consecrated each of the six days of manual labor to the memory of a part of the work of the Divine Laborer, and the seventh to the Divine Rest."

# Departments.

## AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

Let everybody, East, West, North, and South, remember the National Conference at Washington, beginning October 21.

Let every Unitarian who goes to the Exposition at Atlanta look up the little Unitarian church on Sunday, and encourage the faithful band of workers. After the Exposition is past, whether contributors to the funds of the American Unitarian Association or not, all who have visited that church will come into headquarters, and reproach the officers of the Association for their lack of aggressiveness. They will say that here is a magnificent opportunity to build up a strong Unitarian church at Atlanta which we ought not to neglect. The officers will reply: "We knew that before. We have been asking you for years to give us the money to put that and similar enterprises on a secure foundation. You, and not we, are responsible for the failure to do missionary work in such places with success." Just this kind of criticism, however, we invite. Rev. George L. Chaney will be at Atlanta during the Exposition. The secretary of the Association will visit the church. The Women's Alliance will hold meetings there. Let there be a Unitarian rally.

Many questions are asked in regard to the best way to found a church. There are two ways which are almost exactly opposite to each other. They differ mostly in regard to the materials with which they deal at the outset. The one begins with the floating element in the community, with the men and women who are interested in all the new forms of moral and intellectual activity which are not orthodox. They are volatile, excitable, fickle, easily moved to action, and easily diverted by novel ideas. Beginning with such materials in the expectation that the result will be the founding of a stable religious organization is commonly to work toward grievous disappointment. The other method is to seek out in the community thoughtful, intelligent, spiritually-minded men and women, who are not at rest in other churches or outside of any church, and begin with them. They will be men and women of good repute, good citizens, good business men and people of influence. A small band of such men and women is influential from the start. Forty of that kind are worth more than four hundred of the other kind for any worthy enterprise, and after a few years have passed will show their superior value by creating an institution of growth, influence, and power in the community.

When we are considering the question that is always before us, "How shall we make our missionary parishes self-supporting, and how shall we strengthen the older parishes that are still dependent?" we are often compelled to admit that the principal lack, in cases where growth is feeble, is business good sense. When asked, "What shall we do to increase our income?" the reply is, First, do what you do at the beginning of the year, when you are full of hope, and not at the end of the year, when you are carrying a debt. Let "previousness" be the motto of every infant church. Pass the subscription paper in the first month of the year, and not the twelfth. Do not leave the payments to be made at some future time not specified, but make them at once or in quarterly instalments. Then the church will be in condition month by month to make its appeal to all its friends somewhat in this way: "We have for our expenses this month $200, and the income is $150. Where shall we get the $50 to carry us through the month without debt?" There are many other rules, but "previousness" is the master rule for the conduct of business in a missionary church.

The same rule applies to church-building enterprises. Some of our worst disappointments have come when subscriptions have been made for enough to build a church, and then, before the subscriptions were paid or the church finished, financial disaster came to the subscribers. Had they paid when they subscribed and were abundantly able to pay, the church would have been secure, and they none the worse off. As it was, the subscribers lost their ability to pay, and would have been glad, when the wreck came, if their money had gone into the church.

The State of Connecticut a hundred years ago successfully resisted the wave of liberalism which swept over Massachusetts; but to-day Connecticut offers hospitality to Unitarian thought. Some of our constituents object to foreign missions. We have largely reduced our expenses in that direction, in obedience to their demand. Now will they help us to do new missionary work at home? If they will, we can have a continuous line of Unitarian churches from Boston to New York. When one says, "The time is passed for building Unitarian churches," we ask, "Is not the wish the father to the thought?" Often we find that it is.

The demand for a ministry-at-large is wide-spread and unmistakable. It comes from many quarters and in many forms. One plan is to have all of the weaker churches visited by neighboring ministers, who will preach and lecture, their expenses being paid. A list of ministers willing to

give their services on these terms has been prepared by the Minister's League of Boston. It would be worth while for the local conferences to take up the matter, and see that every church needing such assistance should have the benefit of the personal presence of three or four of the best preachers of the Conference during the year. This would require but a small outlay of money. Another plan also commended is to have selected men follow each other in a somewhat extended tour among the churches more remote from our centres. Still another plan is the one which was so successful several years ago. Conventions were held with three or four speakers at each meeting, who were sufficiently well known to fill the house. All these methods are good, and we must do something. But our churches are so scattered, and the distances are so great, that such expeditions are necessarily costly. They will be undertaken just so fast as the increase of income will justify it.

In regard to our Industrial School for the Indians in Montana two courses were opened to us when it seemed likely that government aid would be withdrawn. We could undertake the full support of the school at an expense of $10,000 or $12,000 or we could turn it over to the United States government. The latter course was chosen; and in July the government assumed full control, retaining our teachers and superintendent. The children are scarcely aware that any change has occurred. A satisfactory inventory has been made, and the transaction will soon be completed by the payment of the sums due to us under this new contract with the government.

GEORGE BATCHELOR, *Secretary.*

---

## SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The topic of first importance just now in Unitarian Sunday-school matters is the approaching annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society. It will be held at Providence, R.I., Wednesday evening, October 16, and Thursday, October 17, invited by the five liberal churches of that city and their pastors. On Wednesday evening, at 7.45, there will be a platform meeting in the Westminster Church, Mathewson Street (Rev. Herbert H. Mott, pastor). There will be three addresses, as follows: Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford of Waltham, Mass.,—subject, "Sunday-school and the New Criticism"; Rev. Thomas Van Ness of the Second Church, Boston, Mass., —subject, "Organization in the Sunday-school"; and Rev. John Cuckson of the Arlington Street Church, Boston, Mass.,—subject, "The Relations of the Home to the Sunday-school." The sessions of the next day, Thursday, October 17, will be held in the First Congregational Church, Benefit and Benevolent Streets (Rev. Augustus M. Lord, pastor). At 9 A.M. a devotional meeting, conducted by Rev. Francis B. Hornbrooke of Newton, Mass. At 9.45 opening of the business meeting, followed by the reading of the Directors' Annual Report, discussion, election of officers, and miscellaneous business. At 10.45 address by Mr. Henry T. Bailey, State supervisor of drawing, Massachusetts,—subject, "How to make Sunday-schools Attractive,"—followed by Rev. Charles F. Dole of Jamaica Plain, Mass., on "The Value of Catechisms in Modern Sunday-school Training"; and Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D.,—subject, "Bible Training." These speakers to be followed by a general discussion and remarks, limited to five minutes each. At 12.45 will come intermission and collation, to be served in the chapel of the church for those in attendance.

The afternoon session will open at 2 o'clock, giving opportunity at the beginning for the transaction of unfinished business and other matters. From 2.30 to 3.30 will be filled with three twenty-minute addresses by the following speakers: Mrs. Seth C. Beach of Bangor, Me.,—subject, "Women and the Sunday-school"; Mr. Charles N. Goodrich, secretary of the Congregational Sunday-school Superintendents' Union of Boston, Mass., and vicinity,—subject, "Main Lines of Work in Congregational Sunday-schools"; and Rev. James De Normandie of the First Religious Society, Roxbury, Mass.,—subject, "Bible Teaching as illustrated by the Book of Jonah." These papers to be followed by discussion and remarks from the floor, speeches limited, as in the forenoon, to five minutes each. Adjournment will be made about 4.45.

There is every prospect of a large attendance. Churches cannot do better than to pay the expenses of delegates to these sessions, for there will be a great return in the quickened enthusiasm and enlightened vision of the workers. Reduced rates have been made for round-trip tickets by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company (Old Colony System) from various points in New England. Dr. Herford is sure of a hearty welcome at this gathering, for it will contain many who have been inspired before by his wise, ardent words. I call attention especially to the fact that we have in this programme two representatives from denominations outside—Mr. Bailey and Mr. Goodrich. They will bring a great deal of information on methods and means in the Sunday-school

work. Mr. Bailey is one of the most popular and effective speakers in the Commonwealth; and Mr. Goodrich has been connected with the large, vigorous Sunday-school union of our friends in the Congregational Trinitarian fold for several years. All in all, the programme for the evening and the day sessions represents a variety of interesting and helpful topics.

This is what our neighbor, the *Congregationalist*, has to say concerning the importance of Sunday-schools in the life of the church at the present time: "The Sunday-school has done more along the lines of home missionary work, in promoting a popular and systematic study of the Scriptures, unifying churches in all denominations, and setting in motion the principles of Congregationalism, than any other institution." And the writer expresses the hope that at the coming meeting of the National Council something will be done to awaken still better interest in Sunday-schools, both among ministers and lay members; for only in this way can the future growth and the prosperity of the church be assured.

The lesson is plainly enough written on the sky of our Unitarian outlook, but somehow the workers in Zion do not always behold it. The loyalty, zeal, and strength of association which we are all desiring, can only be reached by planting early in the young generation the educational seeds of our faith. It is useless to organize a church in some community composed simply of adults. For a time it flourishes, and then withers away as the heat of the years falls on it. The surest guarantee for the expansion of our principles in organized form lies in the successful development of our Sunday-schools. Scholarly essays are certainly of value; but superior even to these productions, for the welfare of our denomination, is the hearty and wise cultivation of the young people; the winning of them to our side, and the training of them in right views and sturdy character. Although the recent annual meetings of the Unitarian Sunday School Society have been very largely attended, let this coming one be crowded to overflowing with delegates from churches far and wide.

"A Catechism of Liberal Faith," by Rev. Charles F. Dole, is now out, published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. It is a book of one hundred and twelve pages, containing sufficient lessons for the entire winter's course, adapted to advanced classes. The subjects treated are those which would naturally come within the scope of Unitarian belief, and they are handled in the author's well-known vein. This manual is sure to be very helpful in the way of starting thought and quickening the minds of those in the Bible classes who may use it. Bound in cloth, pp. 112, price 35 cents single copy; or $3.50 per dozen.

We hear from many sources that the attendance in Washington will be very large at the sessions of the National Conference. The meeting of the Unitarian Sunday School Society on Tuesday evening, October 22, has already been announced to the readers of the *Unitarian*. I simply call attention to the fact that the programme includes some of the best speakers in the denomination, and the subjects are of vital importance. Those who are to give addresses are: President G. Stanley Hall, Clark University, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., of Boston; Rev. Thomas R. Slicer of Buffalo, N.Y.; Rev. Ida C. Hultin of Moline, Ill.; and Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley of Chicago, Ill. The subjects treated will relate not only to Sunday-school affairs, but to the young people and their relations to church life as a whole.

The Channing Hall "Talks" have started in a most satisfactory way. Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford is to speak to the three grades, —Primary, Intermediate, and Advanced,— all united in one general session, at 2.30 o'clock every Saturday afternoon. The lessons on the "Teaching of Jesus" are proving very popular. Taking the Parables as a basis gives a picturesque form to the instruction, and the applications run out into every-day life.

The one-topic graded lessons thus far published and ready for distribution are on the following subjects,—"The Kingdom of Heaven," "The Pearl of Great Price," "The House on the Rock," "The Leaven," "The Mustard Seed," "The Talents," and "The Sower."

The Unitarian Sunday School Society is planning the publication of picture cards for the very youngest pupils, which can be worked in worsted or colored. These will be accompanied by little leaflets, containing verses, texts, and directions. This form of lesson helps for little folk has proven very acceptable in other denominations, especially those prepared by Miss Lucy Wheelock. It is confidently believed that we can make them efficient aid in our work. They will probably be ready about the first of the New Year.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

---

He that is habituated to deceptions and artificialities in trifles will try in vain to be true in matters of importance; for truth is a thing of habit rather than of will. You cannot in any given case, by any sudden and single effort, will to be true, if the habit of your life has been insincere.—*F. W. Robertson.*

## NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF UNITARIAN WOMEN.

The third meeting of the National Alliance will be held in Metzerott Music Hall, Washington, D.C., Oct. 23, 1895, at 2.30 P.M.

Accredited delegates, life members, officers, and standing committees of the Executive Board must present credentials.

At this meeting vice-presidents and directors will be elected, and a Nominating Committee and Committee on Credentials appointed.

The report of the special committee appointed to consider the question of establishing the office of honorary vice-president will be received and acted upon.

Reports of corresponding secretary and standing committees will be presented.

Branches are desired to give full instructions to their delegates.

Delegates unable to be present may send credentials and votes by mail to the recording secretary, before the meeting.

Members and friends are invited to visit the headquarters of the Alliance, which will be open day and evening, in one of the small rooms of the Metzerott building.

A public reception will be held by the officers of the Alliance in the parlor of the Arlington on Thursday, October 24, from 4 to 7 P.M. Members of the Alliance and all attending the Conference are most cordially invited.

The first regular meeting of the New York League of Unitarian Women for 1895–96 will be held in the Church of the Messiah, Park Avenue and 34th Street, New York City, on Friday, November 1, at 11 o'clock. Mrs. H. D. Catlin of Eastport, Me., and Rev. Mary J. Safford of Iowa will address the meeting.

Other prominent women are expected. It is hoped that many who may visit New York after the Conference at Washington will avail themselves of this meeting. All women are invited.

---

## GUILDS.

A meeting is to be held at Washington during the National Conference in the interest of a union of the guilds and Unity Clubs. It will be held on Tuesday afternoon, October 22, at 2.30 P.M., in the side hall to the Metzerott Hall, in which the Conference is to assemble. It is desirable that all persons should attend this meeting who are in favor of a more efficient young people's organization. The subject is one of great importance, and it ought to secure an earnest consideration.

An effort is being made to reorganize the guild at Fairhaven, and to make its work more efficient. To that end we need above all else a definite purpose, and a union of aim and of effort among all the guilds. Why not have a common organization for all young people's societies, and have all of them joined together to accomplish some real work? So long as each guild marches by itself, it can accomplish but little.

The Young People's Guild of the First Parish of Northfield, Mass., has issued an attractive programme. It contains the list of officers and committees, the constitution of the guild, as well as a list of speakers, leaders, and topics for the year. One suggestive feature is the study of several of the religious denominations; and another is a series of a dozen studies of the life and work of the apostle Paul, under the leadership of the minister, Rev. George F. Piper.

The guild of the First Parish of Lexington, Mass., was visited on the evening of September 8 by Rev. George W. Cooke, the agent of the National Guild Alliance. He spoke of the proposed union of all the young people's societies, and the wish of many that a more efficient general organization should be secured. His remarks were accepted with much enthusiasm by the young people, who expressed their desire to join in an effort to do some definite work. They said they would gladly unite with the other guilds in any enterprise which would bring to their work a fresh purpose and something for them to do. The appeal for union, for enthusiasm, and for a definite aim, seemed to be acceptable to all the young people present, and to meet with their heartiest approval.

Rev. George W. Cooke, the agent of the National Guild Alliance, is ready to go anywhere to help in organizing guilds or to address the guilds already established on how to make the work more successful. He has just issued the following circular letter:—

"As the agent of the National Guild Alliance, I wish during the coming autumn and winter to visit as many of the guilds as possible, to find out their ways and methods, and to speak to them on the general guild work. Those who can arrange for such a visit are invited to call upon me or to write me. I may be found in the Unitarian Building (Room 11) Mondays, from 9 to 12 A.M. and from 2 to 5 P.M. My object in visiting the guilds and other young people's religious societies is that I may ascertain if it is possible to bring about an effective general organization, like that of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society or the Young People's Christian Union. I have something definite to suggest as to how to secure such a result, and I wish to know

what the young people think about it and what they are willing to do."

The National Guild Alliance some time since appointed a committee, consisting of Rev. George W. Cooke, Miss Kate L. Brown, Mrs. Laura B. Martine, and Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, to prepare a service book for the use of young people's devotional meetings. That book has now been prepared, and is ready for publication. It contains twelve opening services, seven closing services, about fifty tunes, and about eighty-five hymns. The aim has been to make a book well adapted to the needs of guilds and similar societies, though it can be quite as successfully used in Sunday-schools or churches. Those who have examined it think the book a thoroughly good one.

In order to secure the publication of the book, it is necessary to guarantee a sufficient sale to meet expenses. Those wishing to use it are therefore asked to say what number of copies they will take. It is proposed to get the book out about November 15; but, in order to do this, subscriptions must be received by October 1 or soon after. The price will be fifty cents per copy in cloth or forty cents in paper, in any quality desired. Those wishing to subscribe for one or more copies should address George W. Cooke, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The committee wish to urge upon those interested the importance of immediate action in reference to the book. They feel that it will be a positive help to the guilds, and that the effort to secure its publication should be heartily seconded in a practical way. It will give to the young people's movement a more definite purpose, and arouse a new interest in it all along the line.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

---

## TEMPERANCE WORK.

The Unitarian Temperance Society has arranged for a public meeting at the National Conference of Unitarian Churches at Washington.

The meeting will be held in All Souls' Church on Wednesday, October 23, at 3.30 o'clock. The general subject to be discussed will be "Modern Methods of Temperance Reform"; and addresses will be given by Prof. F. G. Peabody, secretary of the "Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem," Rev. Father Doyle, secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, and Rev. D. N. Beach of Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Beach will speak upon "Righteousness of the Norwegian System, and the Paramount Importance of its Application in America." Friends of the Unitarian Temperance Society, as well as all others interested, are urged to be present. The meeting will transact no official business, as that has been transferred to the annual meeting during Anniversary Week; but the character of the speakers invited insures a meeting of great interest and inspiration.

A new temperance leaflet, by Rev. Charles F. Dole, will be ready for distribution in October. It will be entitled "What Converted me." It presents the argument for total abstinence in such a way that it must appeal to all reasonable minds, and surely to those who wish to be governed by the larger motives of good citizenship. One cannot but wish that every Unitarian, men and women both, would read and ponder these pages.

The following is a specimen paragraph: "We do not need to prove that wine or beer always hurts the individual. Our problem is a social one: it is for American communities, and it is with reference to the immediate future. In this broad view, it is an admitted fact that, as regards waste and extravagance to the amount of hundreds of millions of dollars, as regards poverty, disease, domestic unhappiness, and cruel suffering of women and children, as regards crime, moral degradation, and political corruption, the American people have no habit so damaging on a vast scale to their vitality and their civilization as the use of intoxicating drinks. On the one hand is a tiny pleasure, mostly for the class who least need extra titillation of their palate or greater physical and nervous stimulus. On the other hand is a solemn and dreary weight of ills which almost every community is taxed to bear. Who will venture to claim here that 'the game is worth the candle'? This simple sort of consideration makes me a total abstainer. I will call it the *provisional* ground of total abstinence. It seems to me strong, reasonable, and practical. For as long a time to come as I can foresee I hold that it will be a great and distinct evil for our American people to use the alcoholic drinks. Nothing but good can come from the rule of voluntary abstinence. For the many it will be for their own good and for their wives and children. For the stronger and self-controlled it will be for the others' good; that is, the general good. In every case the slight sacrifice of a personal pleasure means nobler manhood."

New memberships will be gladly welcomed by the Unitarian Temperance Society. We must gauge our work of printing and distributing leaflets by our treasury receipts, and then depend upon our membership. One dollar (or more) a year makes one a member. It is certain that members help the cause in other ways than by this fee, but the society solicits all the dollars friends are willing to give. Address Unitarian Temperance Society, 25 Beacon Street. The treasurer, Mr. Frank B. Thayer, will acknowledge all receipts.

CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The Open Court Publishing Company of Chicago will issue late in October an important book on the theory of evolution. Its author is Prof. E. D. Cope of Philadelphia, who stands at the head of the Neo-Lamarckian school of America, and represents the opposite extreme to Weismannism in evolution. In this book, which is entitled "The Primary Factors of Organic Evolution," Prof. Cope will seek to show, principally by an examination of the paleontological records (in which he has done his main original work), and secondarily by a review of the general results of embryology, biology, and comparative anatomy, what the *efficient causes* are that are concerned in the progressive development and perfection of the organic forms of the world. One of the most noteworthy features of the book will be Prof. Cope's attempt to show that every variation of organic beings has been produced by a direct efficient cause, and is not the result of chance,—a consideration which both Darwin and Lamarck overlooked. Prof. Cope also discusses the part which consciousness has played in the evolution of living forms. His book will be a storehouse of evolutionary facts and discussions, especially from the paleontological point of view, and undoubtedly the most complete handbook of the *purely mechanical* theory of evolution which exists. The original illustrations will be numerous and valuable.

*The Atlantic* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) for September contains some unusually brilliant contributions, among them an article by John Fiske that will be widely welcomed as giving remarkable historical credence to the beautiful and popular story of Pocahontas's rescue of Capt. John Smith, though Dr. Fiske points out that the incident was not unique by any means, the significance of Pocahontas's act being much enhanced by the white man's ignorance of the most usual Indian customs. Miss Agnes Repplier's witty protest against guides is an attractive essay; and Bliss Carman's poem, "A Sailor's Wedding," is very strong and pure.

*New England Magazine* (Warren F. Kellogg, Boston) for September is remarkably interesting and beautifully illustrated. There is an exquisitely done design of birds fluttering and flying and soaring over the treasured burying-ground of King's Chapel, a spot that thousands of visitors to Boston this summer have gazed upon with tender interest, illustrating a poem by Morris Schaff, "Over them all the sparrows sing." Winfield M. Thompson describes "The New North-east," being Aroostook County, Maine. The best popular account of the Pratt Institute that has yet been given appears in the article by J. F. Hopkins, one of the institute instructors. Everything in the magazine is of excellent quality.

"Charles Francis Barnard. A Sketch of his Life." By Francis Tiffany. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—There is a double interest in this book,—Barnard himself, who was a man of genius and goodness, and Tiffany, who writes about him, and who has more genius than the author of his sketch, and certainly an equal share of moral character. If Tiffany wrote about Corbett or Fitzsimmons, we should read the work, although we usually avoid the copious literature of their affairs; but Barnard has intrinsic interest. He was a pioneer in child charities. He wrenched the old systems of philanthropy out of their rusted joints, and set them running in new grooves. His influence permeated from Warren Street and Boston through New England. He was a Unitarian Father Taylor. Such a man's life is worth something even of Tiffany's commemorative praise; and we are glad of the book, and place it there on our shelf alongside the Life of Dorothea Dix.

"The Friend of the People." By Mary C. Rowsell. Frederick A. Stokes Company. A story of the Reign of Terror, which is exceedingly vivid, and may be very helpful in giving picturesque illustration of that important epoch in the development of French republicanism.

"Power of Silence." By H. W. Dresser. George H. Ellis.—An interpretation of life in its relation to health and happiness. These essays are wise, discriminating, and thoroughly helpful in advancing that self-culture and self-restraint which the author so persuasively advocates. Life and all it brings ultimately depend on what each individual makes of it. To know self, and yet to restrain, guide, and overcome self,—that is the lesson taught as the key to health and happiness. The chapters upon "The Meaning of Suffering" and "Adjustment to Life," as well as the admirable concluding chapter "Self-help," will yield a rich harvest of suggestion if carefully studied.

Thomas Whittaker of the Bible House, New York, publishes three charming little gift books. Each one is a popular, readable, practical essay by the late Dr. Thorold, Bishop of Winchester. "On Children," "On the Loss of Friends," "On Being Ill." We know of no more reasonable, excellent helps in the various needs of life than these friendly, earnest addresses of Dr. Thorold's.

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.

### GOING BACK TO SCHOOL.

A merry tramp of little feet.
  Just hear the sweet vibration!
The children over all the land
  Have had a long vacation,
And back again they haste to take
  In school the dear old places,
To measure out the days by rule,
  With fair, unshadowed faces.

They troop along the city streets.
  Grave eyes grow young that see them,
And wistful hearts from every blight
  Of sin and pain would free them.
Athwart the dusty ways of 'change,
  With wafts of flowers and grasses,
As if to music sweet and strange,
  The brilliant army passes.

We older people like to watch
  Our little lads and lasses,
As sturdily they set to work
  In sober ranks and classes.
Such happy brows are overbent
  To con the pictured pages,
Such earnest wills are wrestling with
  The story of the ages.

And, sometimes sighing as we gaze,—
  So fast the bairns are growing,—
We think of darker skies to come,
  For these so glad and glowing.
Fain would we keep the children still
  Brown-cheeked and blithe and ruddy,
With nothing harder in their lives
  Than days of task and study.

But God, our Father's wiser love,
  Prepares them for the evil.
This army yet shall wage the war
  With world and flesh and devil.
God bless them in the coming years,
  And guard the waiting places
Which, by and by, he'll bid them fill,—
  His smile upon their faces.

—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in Sunday School Times.*

### PAINTING A FROG'S PORTRAIT.

One of my pets was a frog, about half grown. He would hop upon my hand to the tip of my finger, and sing (or croak) as long as I chose to hold him. I was an invalid just then, and, when I felt lonely and my husband was away, I used to give a little croak to invite the frog to a duet; and he would set off as if his life depended on his song, no matter what the hour might be.

One day I wanted to paint him in a picture, and tried to take a profile view. But he would not let me do it. Whenever I placed him in the right position, he would hop around so as to face me, and then go on my paper. Then I bethought myself of putting him in a plate with some water, so that he might be comfortable. This plan answered very well; but, when I turned the plate around so as to get a side view, he hobbled around also, and would face me. Then I tried edging round the table myself, but with the same result, so that I was obliged to hold him sideways while I drew him. But, whenever I raised my head to look at him, he raised his, too, and lowered it again when I began to paint; and so we went on nodding at each other, like two Chinese mandarins.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### CONFESSION.

Dear pussy, I love you, an' I's your true friend,
'Cause I saved you a whippin' to-day,
When cook missed her custard, and every one said
It was puss that had stealed it away.
You know you are naughty sometimes, pussy dear,
So in course you got blamed, an'—all that!
An' cook took a stick, an' she 'clared she would beat
The thief out that mizzable cat!
But I—didn't feel comfor'ble down in my heart,
So I saved you the whippin', you see,
'Cause I went to mamma, an' telled her I 'spect
She'd better tell cook to whip me.

'Cause the custard was stealed by a bad little girl
Who felt dreffely sorry with shame,
An' it wouldn't be fair to whip pussy, in course,
When that bad little girl was to blame.
"Was it my little girlie?" my dear mamma said.
I felt dreffely scared, but I nodded my head;
An' then mamma laughed. "Go find nurse, for I guess
There's some custard to wash off a little girl's dress."
Well, then, 'course they knew
It was I, an' not you,
Who stealed all the custard, an' then ran away.
But it's best to be true
In the things that we do,
An'—that's how I saved you a spankin' to-day.

—*Churchman.*

## NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the 18th of the month.*]

## NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF UNITARIAN AND OTHER CHRISTIAN CHURCHES.

### Washington, D.C., October 21-24.

### PROGRAMME.

#### MONDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 21.

4 P.M. Meeting of the Council at "The Arlington."

8 P.M. Sermon, "Our Gospel," Rev. Minot J. Savage, Boston.

#### TUESDAY, OCTOBER 22.

##### Tuesday Morning.

9 A.M. Communion Service, conducted by Rev. Robert Collyer of New York.

10 A.M. Address of Welcome by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of All Souls' Church, Washington. Response by the President. Appointment of Committees, etc

10.30 A.M. Address by Rev. George Batchelor, Cambridge, Mass., Chairman of the Council and Secretary of the American Unitarian Association.

11.10 A.M. Address by Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, Boston, Secretary of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women.

11.30 A.M. Address by Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., London, representative of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association.

12.10 P.M. Introduction of new business.

12.30 P.M. Report of the Business Committee.

##### Tuesday Afternoon.

2.30 P.M. Side Hall, Metzerott. A meeting to consider the proposed consolidation of Guilds, Unity Clubs, and other Young People's Societies.

3 P.M. "The Church and the Masses," a paper by Rev. John Cuckson, Boston, Mass.

3.30 P.M. "Our Congregational Polity," a paper by Rev. Edward E. Hale, D.D., Boston, Mass.

4 P.M. Discussion, to be led by Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer, St. Louis, Mo.

##### Tuesday Evening.

7.45 P.M. "Our Young People: Their Relations to Church, Denomination, and Life at Large." Opening remarks by Rev. Edward A. Horton, Boston, the Chairman of the evening. Prof. G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., will speak on "Pedagogical Methods in Sunday-school Work." Rev. Benjamin R. Bulkeley, Chicago, Ill., "Cultivation of the Spiritual Nature" (Guilds); Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Moline, Ill., "Religious Development through Intellectual Leadings" (Unity Clubs); Rev. Thomas R. Slicer, Buffalo, N.Y., "Character and Citizenship through the Sunday-school"; Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Boston, Mass., "Enthusiasm for Humanity" (Lend a Hand Clubs, etc.).

#### WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 23.

##### Wednesday Morning.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, to be conducted by Rev. Stephen H. Camp, Brooklyn, N.Y.

10 A.M. "Church Extension." Addresses, twenty minutes each, by Rev. Messrs. D. M. Wilson, D. W. Morehouse, George L. Chaney, T. B. Forbush, A. W. Gould, and C. W. Wendte.

12 M. Report of the Business Committee.

##### Wednesday Afternoon.

2.30 P.M. Meeting of the National Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women. At this meeting Vice-Presidents and Directors will be elected, and a Nominating Committee and Committee on Credentials appointed.

Reports of Secretaries and Standing Committees will be presented, and matters of general interest considered.

3.30 P.M. Public Meeting, under the auspices of the Unitarian Temperance Society, in All Souls' Church, 14th and L Streets, upon "Modern Methods in Temperance Reform." Addresses will be made by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, Secretary of the Committee of Fifty for the Investigation of the Liquor Problem; Rev. A. P. Doyle, General Secretary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America; and Rev. D. N. Beach of Cambridge, Mass., who will speak upon "The Righteousness of the Norwegian Principle and Paramount Importance of its Application in Temperance Reform."

4 P.M. Meeting of the Unitarian Temperance Society.

##### Wednesday Evening.

8 P.M. "The Origins of Liberal Thought in America," a paper by John Fiske, LL.D., Cambridge, Mass.

9 P.M. "Our Unitarian Theology," a paper by Charles Carroll Everett, D.D., LL.D., Dean and Bussey Professor of Theology, Harvard University.

### THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24.

#### Thursday Morning.

9 A.M. Devotional Meeting, to be conducted by Rev. Edward Hale of Orange, N.J.

10 A.M. Four papers, twenty-five minutes each, as follows: "The Holy Spirit," by Rev. Howard N. Brown, Boston; "Incarnation," by Rev. William C. Gannett, Rochester, N.Y.; "Atonement," by Rev. W. Hanson Pulsford, Waltham, Mass.; "Forgiveness," by Rev. Mary A. Safford, Sioux City, Ia.

11.45 A.M. "The Japan Mission," by Rev. W. I. Lawrance.

12 M. Report of the Business Committee.

12.15 P.M. Election of Officers.

#### Thursday Afternoon.

3 P.M. "The History and Principles of the Unitarian Church in Relation to Social Problems," a paper by Prof. Francis G. Peabody, D.D., Cambridge, Mass.

3.30 P.M. "The Modern Applications of these Principles," a paper by Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R.I.

4 P.M. Discussion, to be led by Rev. Joseph H. Crooker, Helena, Mont., and Rev. Paul Revere Frothingham, New Bedford, Mass.

4 to 7 P.M. The officers of the Alliance will hold a public reception in the parlor of the Arlington. All members of the Alliance and all attending the National Conference are most cordially invited to be present.

#### Thursday Evening.

8 P.M. Platform Meeting. Subject, "The Outlook." Rev. Rush R. Shippen, Washington, D.C., will preside. Addresses by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D.D., Boston; Rev. Brooke Herford, D.D., London; Rev. Minot J. Savage, Boston; and others.

---

**Athol, Mass.**—Second Church: A week before its annual parish meeting this church holds a report meeting each year, at which reports from the pastor and the officers of the society and its various branches are read. These reports are not put on file, as is customary with most churches, but are copied into the "Church Record" book. This has been done ever since the church was founded (eighteen years ago). The following is an outline of the history of the church prepared by our pastor: Nov. 17, 1876, new church proposed at a meeting held at the Pequoig Engine Hall; Feb. 11, 1877, first service held in Starr Hall; June 11, 1877, Second Unitarian Society incorporated; June 12, 1877, Rev. James C. Parsons installed; July 1, 1877, first Sunday-school service; Sept. 6, 1880, ground for church broken; Sept. 7, 1881, church dedicated; April 11, 1882, Rev. Charles P. Lombard installed; June 11, 1885, Unity Hall and the vestry dedicated; June 29, 1888, Rev. Charles Edwin Perkins installed; Oct. 22, 1888, "Guild of the Good Shepherd" organized; Nov. 17, 1892, Rev. Walter Eustace Lane ordained and installed; July 11, 1895, Rev. Carl Georg Horst installed.

**Bath, N.H.**—All Souls' Church of Bath, N.H., has had quite an awakening to its spiritual needs. Sunday, August 11, Dr. Beane of Newburyport, Mass., was present; and on the previous evening he baptized eleven adults, and Sunday morning he preached and administered the sacrament to twenty persons, and Sunday evening he baptized four children. A covenant was signed; and "All Souls'" is now a church in full communion, and not merely a society. The iron-clad creeds of orthodox churches have ruled in the valley of the Ammonoosuc until many have become unbelievers in a loving, merciful Father and Jesus Christ our high priest.

**Battle Creek, Mich.**—Rev. Thomas J. Horner began his ministry here September 1, and was greeted with a congregation which taxed the seating capacity of the church, so that chairs were brought in to accommodate the people. The sermon was from the text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God." The Sunday-school opens well. The lecture committee announce a programme that will cost them $1,400 for the winter. The course will be opened November 20 with the Thomas Orchestra of Chicago.

**Boston, Mass.**—The arrival of Dr. Herford from England has filled every one with a desire to hear his voice again; and, although he comes chiefly for a needed rest, he has promised several addresses, and also to occupy again his old pulpit in Arlington Street. He will deliver the Dudley lecture at Harvard University and give an address at the National Conference at Washington. Dr. Herford was interviewed by a Boston *Post* reporter immediately upon landing; and his first words were: "Well, this beats all. You American newspaper men are everywhere. I have just placed foot on American soil, and the first person I meet is a newspaper reporter. Well, I am glad to see you. Come, we will go over here and sit down."

After obtaining seats in the waiting-room of the Union Station, Mr. Herford said: "I am pleased to see so fine a day. The voyage was a fair one, and there were upwards of eleven hundred passengers

aboard the great steamer. Being out upon the broad, rolling, restless ocean has its charms; and many thoughts are suggested when you stand upon the deck and look out upon the great expanse of heaving sea."

Mr. Herford was asked by the reporter for a comparison of the American and English congregations, regarding which he said: "The church people in England work more steadily than in America, and you will not find as much 'go' as in this country; and the English church-going folk seem to possess greater staying qualities. There is no closing of churches in England; and the people there seem to find a pleasure, as well as a spiritual benefit, in attending divine worship each Sabbath. When the tolling bells summon the hour for devotion, you will find the streets crowded with people churchward bound. I think they attend church better on stormy Sundays than the people of America; and, no matter if there is a downpour of rain, you will find the congregations large, which is an excellent manifestation of their zeal in church work. Yes, the people in England, particularly in London, enter into the services with great enthusiasm. They form a large chorus by nearly everybody singing, and this one feature makes the service especially interesting."

Mr. Herford had but little time to spare, so was not at liberty to converse with the reporter but a short time. He will attend the National Unitarian Conference at Washington in October; and at that gathering, which is expected to be a large one, he will read a paper on "The Outlook for Unitarianism in England." He was asked by the *Post* man what the outlook for this denomination was in that country, and his reply was: "The work of Unitarianism in Great Britain is moving slowly ahead, not taking so great strides as in America, but is taking deep root and getting a firm hold as it gradually progresses. It is not old in England; yet people are taking to its doctrines with much spiritual energy, and eventually it will be one of the great religious movements in the Old World."

**Chelsea, Mass.**—After a vacation of two months services were resumed at the First Unitarian Church, under charge of Rev. A. P. Reccord, a graduate of the Harvard Divinity School of Cambridge, who has accepted a call as pastor to this church. The ordination service will take place on the evening of the second Wednesday in October. A course of five lectures under the auspices of the Chelsea Branch of the Women's National Alliance are announced for Monday evenings in October and November, Rev. M. J. Savage opening the course October 14, followed by Rev. Thomas Van Ness on October 28, Miss Margaret B. Barnard November 4, Rev. S. M. Crothers November 11, and Rev. Charles G. Ames November 18.

**Concord, N.H.**—Regular services were resumed at the Unitarian church on Sunday, September 8. The church was well filled. The minister, Rev. Frank L. Phalen, took for his subject "The Dignity and Joy of Service"; and his sermon was a most practical and helpful one. The prospect is very encouraging for a prosperous year in the different branches of church work. The Parish Fund Society is making preparations to give a "Kirmess" the last of October.

**Farmington, Me.**—Our church here has been open all through the summer. Through the kindness of Rev. A. C. Nickerson of Exeter, N.H., whose summer residence has been in Farmington for many years, the minister, Rev. W. H. Ramsay, was able to take two weeks' vacation. The work in Farmington is progressing steadily along constructive lines. The hour of our service has been changed from the afternoon to the forenoon. It was expected that this change would cause a considerable falling away in the size of our congregations, as a number of persons from other societies were accustomed to drop in to our afternoon services. The change has not very seriously affected the size of our congregations; and the loss in numbers has been about made up by the addition from the pupils of the normal school, which has just reopened. Our accessions from this source have been very small in proportion to the entire number of students. But, considering the character of the religious influences that prevail in the State institution and the independence and courage of conviction that is needed to break away from these influences, the wonder is that even so many are willing to bear the reproach of heresy. The normal school is conducted in the interests of a strictly "evangelical" Orthodoxy. It is a sad thing that so many of our bright young men and women should be subject to these narrowing influences, and especially so when we reflect that they are to be the teachers and moulders of the minds of thousands of children throughout the State in a few years.

Commencing the first Sunday in October, evening services will be held in our church until June. These services will be under the auspices of our Unity Club, which has just been organized, and which starts out with a very encouraging membership. A series of short addresses will be given, alternating with "talks" on "The Religious Influences of the Great Poets"; and the services will be enlivened by plenty of music and the accompaniment of an orchestra.

Our Ladies' Society, which has been in existence for some time, and has done some excellent service for the church in various ways, has just organized itself into a branch of the National Alliance. On the whole, our church in Farmington may be said to be very much alive.

**Gardner, Mass.**—Mr. William Channing Brown was ordained and installed pastor of the First Unitarian Society of Gardner, Mass., on September 11. Council convened in the vestry of the church at 11.30 A.M. Rev. A. F. Bailey of Barre was chosen moderator, and Mr. L. A. Wright of Gardner clerk. The council found the candidate worthy, and approved the action of the Gardner society. At 2.30 P.M. the ordination took place, according to the following programme: voluntary (Mendelssohn); moderator states results of council; anthem, "Peace, be Still," girls' chorus (F. Berger); invocation, Rev. Edward Green, Petersham; reading of Scripture, Rev. W. F. Greenman, Fitchburg; hymn, read by Rev. M. W. Pratt, Templeton, "O God, thy Children gathered here," etc.; sermon, Rev. W. W. Fenn, Chicago, Ill.; ordaining prayer, Rev. George M. Bodge, Leominster; response, "If, with All your Hearts," Mendelssohn, Miss Kidd; charge to the minister, Rev. George W. Kent, Worcester; solo, "How Beautiful are the Feet" (Handel), Miss Kidd; right hand of fellowship, Rev. William L. Walsh, Brookfield; charge to the people, Rev. E. A. Horton, Boston; concluding prayer, Rev. William Brown, Tyngsboro; hymn, read by Rev. Edward Green, Petersham, "Father, hear the Prayer we offer," etc.; benediction by the pastor.

The day was propitious, the church filled. There were large delegations from neighboring churches, and the universal feeling was that the right man had found the right place.

**Ithaca, N.Y.**—Rev. Dr. Scott, pastor of the Unitarian church, took part in the recent reopening services of A. M. E. Zion Church, and was very cordially received. The daily press commented upon his address very favorably, saying, "Mr. Scott's address made a deep and lasting impression on all present."

**Lynn, Mass.**—The literary class of the Unitarian church has gained some notoriety for the thoroughness and original methods of its work. Under the leadership of Rev. S. B. Stewart its winter evening studies are models of historical research made popular. Last year "Colonial Massachusetts" was the subject examined. This season the outline already published is intended to cover the various schemes of reform looking toward "Ideal Government." The aim of these studies is to bring out a few old and curious books not often opened in our time, the fruit of vagaries, wisdom, and humanity; to bring forward their authors,—poets, philosophers, visionaries,—all oppressed by the spectacle of the masses of humanity suffering from ignorance, poverty, and injustice, each coming with a scheme of relief and a benevolent enthusiasm. They were all trying to solve the world-old problems. "The old order changes," and we see all things in new light to-day. But the books and the men, like milestones, some in full view, others overgrown and lost sight of, indicate the movement of noble thought for the improvement of human society. Among the prominent divisions of the subject may be named Plato's "Republic," Saint Augustine's "City of God," Sir Thomas More's "Utopia," Bacon's "New Atlantis," Morelly's "Basiliade," Owen's "New Views of Society," Fourier's "Theories," extracts from Emerson, Southey, Wordsworth, and Channing.

**Milton, Mass.**—Rev. Roderick Stebbins has returned from his summer vacation, which was spent in San Francisco at his father's home, and resumed his duties as pastor of the First Church in Milton. This church is one of those which never close during the minister's vacation; and the summer services this year have been well attended, the girl choir attracting much attention and very materially adding to the interest of the services.

**Newburg, N.Y.**—Services were resumed Sunday morning, September 1, at the Church of Our Father, by its pastor, Rev. Arthur H. Grant, who was greeted by the largest morning congregation, with perhaps one exception, that had ever gathered to hear him. This encouraging circumstance was due to a card, printed by order of the board of trustees, and mailed in due time to every church member. It read as follows: 'The Church of Our Father will resume its regular morning services on Sunday, September 1. It would be a great encouragement to the pastor to be greeted at this first service by a large congregation. We hope, therefore, that all of the congregation who are in town will make a special effort to be present at this time. The Sunday-school will reopen September 8. Evening services will not be resumed until a later date." A falling-off in congregations during the summer vacation is not an uncommon event in many of our churches. Many attendants lose their ephemeral interest in the services, while often the more stable element are attacked by a sort of Unitarian inertia. In all such cases the card method of the Church of Our Father may be resorted to with a possible great advantage.

**Newburyport, Mass.**—Robert Collyer spent the month of August in Newburyport, sharing the delights of an old seaport and its surroundings. Though it was vacation, the Newburyport church was opened one Sunday, and a large audience braved the severe rain. Mr. Collyer preached on another August Sunday in the old, quaint meeting-house at Rocky Hill, in Old Salisbury, to a congregation, notwithstanding it

is an orthodox Congregational church, that filled every nook of the house. The Newburyport Women's Alliance had a vacation meeting addressed by Mr. Collyer, at which, on short notice, two hundred women were present.

Joseph May of Philadelphia made his former parishioners happy by occupying the pulpit on the last Sunday in August.

Meanwhile Mr. Beane preached at the Weirs Grove Meeting and in the White Mountain district, so that vacation has not been wholly fallow-time.

**Oakland, Cal.**—The resignation of Rev. C. W. Wendte was not accepted by the congregation to whom he has so acceptably ministered for nine years; and we are glad to learn that the financial conditions, which were the sole cause of Mr. Wendte's resignation, have been so far modified as to satisfy every demand, and Mr. Wendte has withdrawn his resignation.

We hope that restored business will bring prosperity that will enable this church to lift its financial load, and make it possible for their minister to remain with them for many years.

**Peterboro, N.H.**—The First Unitarian Church issues a twelve-page monthly paper, *The Ariel: God's Messenger of Light*, edited by the minister, Rev. G. E. Littlefield. In the announcements contained in this paper appear the notices of services to be held in all the other churches of Peterboro, including St. Peter's Catholic Church. The *Ariel* is full of inspiring words, from the minister's sermon on "Christian Fellowship" to the guild essay by Miss Day on "Goodness."

**Portland, Ore.**—Our church has this year for the fourth season kept open house all summer. The evening services have been suspended during the period when a large number of our people are away from town; but the morning services have been continued, and have had from a third to a half of the winter congregations, which we think very gratifying. The Sunday-school has also kept open without interruption, though with an attendance reduced to about one-fourth; and the time has been used in a review of the last year's lessons. The Women's Auxiliary, too, has held informal social meetings weekly at the homes of the members, continuing the practice of last year. Mr. Wilbur was away from the church during all of July, spending a part of his vacation in climbing Mt. Adams, as reported in the last number. The pulpit was supplied by Dr. Eliot, Rev. Dr. Acton of Seattle, and Rev. Mrs. Sprague of San Francisco. Dr. Acton attracted many of those who used to hear him when pastor of the Methodist church here. Mrs. Sprague, whose husband delighted so many of us in June, not only by his two fine sermons, but by his week's stay in Portland, drew an unusually large congregation for summer. We hope we may hear them both again. Rev. F. H. Adams of Centralia, Wash., also occupied our pulpit one Sunday. These many opportunities of hearing visiting ministers of our faith suggest a delightful contrast to the days when the nearest Unitarian church was that at San Francisco. Dr. Eliot and his family are spending a long vacation at their summer home at Hood River, whence he will return in October to relieve Mr. Wilbur, who goes to the National Conference at Washington, and will afterward visit his parents in Vermont. We are looking forward with hope to an unusually good and successful year of church work, which will be well launched before the end of September.—*Pacific Unitarian.*

**Roslindale, Mass.**—The Unitarian church was the scene of an unusually interesting ceremony on Wednesday evening, when Richard Wilson Boynton and his wife, Harriet Barton Boynton, recent graduates of the Meadville Theological School of Meadville, Pa., were ordained and installed as ministers of the Unitarian society of Roslindale. The ceremonies of a husband and wife being ordained and installed as teachers of the gospel in connection with the same society were sufficiently novel to attract an audience which filled the little church on South Street. The flower committee had transformed the interior of the edifice by the use of beautiful plants and blooms in great variety. The service opened with an organ voluntary and the singing of "How Lovely are the Messengers!" from Mendelssohn's "Saint Paul," by a quartette. Invocation was offered by Rev. Alfred R. Hussey of West Roxbury, and readings from the Scriptures by Rev. William H. Savary, Green Harbor, Mass. The sermon was delivered by Rev. Edward A. Horton of Boston, from the text, "Able ministers, not of the letter, but of the spirit." Rev. Abraham W. Jackson of Concord, Mass., made the prayer of ordination, the quartette responding. Mr. Soloman B. Stebbins, a member of the society since its organization, made a brief address of welcome; and the charge to the ministers was given by Prof. George R. Freeman, Meadville, Pa. Rev. Christopher R. Eliot of Boston, a close friend of Mr. Boynton, extended the right hand of fellowship. Rev. Joel H. Metcalf of Burlington, Vt., a former pastor of this society, gave the charge to the people, the closing prayer being offered by Rev. William L. Walsh of Brookfield, Mass. The exercises closed with the benediction by the pastor.

**Salem, Mass.**—The churches are gradually resuming their work, and are looking forward to a period of more than usual activity. The Alliance have had several pleasant summer meetings.

**San Diego, Cal.**—Rev. J. F. Dutton has arranged to preach to his former parishioners here until November 1,—a happy relation for both parties. Rev. A. J. Wells occupied the pulpit in October, and Mr. Dutton preaches in Redlands.—*Pacific Unitarian.*

**San Francisco, Cal.**—At the First Unitarian Church, on September 8, a presentation of an oil portrait of the senior pastor, Rev. Horatio Stebbins, was made by the ladies of the society, it being the thirty-first anniversary of his settlement. Mr. Sheldon G. Kellogg made the presentation address on behalf of the ladies. The portrait, which is said to be a very successful likeness, is painted by Miss Withrow, and is to be hung in the vestry of the church.
—The pastor of the Second Church, Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, believes we have a gospel, and that we ought to preach it. He believes that a "revival," an awaking of religious interest and enthusiasm among rational people, is very much needed. He therefore announces a course of Sunday evening "Unitarian Revival Sermons." The course began Sunday night, September 8, and will continue for several weeks.

**Shelbyville, Ill.**—The Unitarian church was well filled September 1, many from the country being present. At the close of the sermon and during the singing of that beautiful hymn written by the Catholic, Father Tabor,—

> "There's a wideness in God's mercy
> Like the wideness of the sea,"—

Col. John Sobieski came forward, and gave his hand as a token of his desire to become a member of the congregation. The pastor took his confession as follows: "My brother, is it your solemn purpose to live a Christian life, taking Jesus as your teacher in morals and religion, that you may get good, be good, and do all the good you can by the grace of God?" The answer came, "That is my purpose." "Now," said the pastor, "all present who will clasp our brother's hand on this simple confession are invited to do so while we sing 'God be with you till we meet again.'" Nearly every one present, including those of other congregations, came forward, and gave Col. Sobieski the hand of fellowship during the singing. Then Brother Douthit spoke of how, as a boy at school, he was thrilled with the story of Poland's struggle for liberty, and how, later in life, he had been interested in the story of the Polish brethren who were a body of heroic Unitarian noblemen three hundred years ago. He expressed his joy and gratitude that God had sent a man to-day of the truly royal line of Poland's patriots and benefactors to be a communicant of this congregation, and help them in their Christian endeavors. By request, Col. Sobieski would now make such remarks as the spirit moved him.

"I was born and brought up," said the colonel, "in the Roman Catholic Church, and held to that faith till Pope Pius IX. excommunicated King Victor Emanuel of Italy. I was in such strong sympathy with Victor Emanuel in his effort to free Italy that I concluded I would rather go to hades with him than to go to heaven with the pope. So I left that communion, but with no unkind feeling toward the old mother Church or any member of it. I knew then and know to-day a great many of the most saintly men and women who are connected with the Romish Church. Indeed, I can never hope to be half as good a Christian as my own dear mother was, who lived and died a member of that Church. Latterly I united with the Episcopal Church; but I found, as I became more acquainted with many peoples, and began to investigate these things, that I was not at all in harmony with the special tenets of that Church, and so, for honesty's sake, I withdrew from it a few months ago. The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to belong to a body of communicants that would allow me independence of thought and full liberty of opinion as a disciple of the Great Master. I wanted also to be identified with a body of Christian believers that recognizes the equal rights and privileges of all men and women of all races and colors. I wanted a church that would allow our wives and mothers and sisters an equal voice and vote in the government of the Church and the State. I found to my joy that this congregation was established on just such a broad basis of Christian freedom, brotherhood, and unity. And, in joining this congregation, I am glad to feel that I have not really separated from any of the good people of the congregations whose creeds I cannot indorse, but have rather united with the larger brotherhood of all humanity. I ask your prayers, brothers and sisters, that I may be and do something worthy of this, I esteem, great privilege."

**Toledo, Ohio.**—Rev. A. G. Jennings, pastor of the Church of Our Father, preached during September from the following themes: September 1, "Beginnings"; September 8, "The Man who waits"; September 15, "Another Consideration of Life after Death"; September 22, "Restlessness"; September 29, "A Jealous God."

**West Paris, Me.**—While Dr. Bolles of the Church of the Eternal Hope, New York, was spending his vacation here, he was so generous as to give the people of this vicinity the privilege of listening to his eloquence on four occasions. We also received through his kindness money enough to be a great help toward paying for our summer's preaching. Though his is a Universalist church, we desire to thank him through your magazine. E. E. L.

# Mozoomdar's BOOKS.

**The Spirit of God.** By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. 323 pages. Cloth, $1.50.

An idea of the work may be gained from the titles of the chapters: *The Spirit, The Hindu Doctrine of the Spirit, Doctrine of the Spirit in Christianity, Sense of the Unseen, The Spirit in Nature, The Kinship in Nature, The Spiritual Power of the Senses, The Spirit in Life, The Spirit in the Spirit, The Spirit in Immortal Life, The Spirit in Reason, The Spirit in Love, The Spirit in Conscience, The Spirit in Christ, The Spirit in History, The Spirit in all Religions, Live in the Spirit.*

**Heart-Beats.** A Book of Meditations. By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. With Portrait and Biographical Sketch of the Author. Cloth, red edges, $1.50; white, full gilt, $2.00.

Its poetic title is suggestive of its contents. It is a collection of brief paragraphs, which are not so much the scintillations of the intellect as poems of the imagination and pulsations of the heart. It is an illustration of the lofty heights to which devotional sentiment may rise, free from all tinge of superstition.—*Christian Register.*

**The Oriental Christ.** By PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR. *New Edition.* 193 pages. Cloth, $1.25.

The existence of this book is a phenomenon;—more than a curiosity; and rich as a new, fresh, and very suggestive study of the character and person of Christ.—*Christian Union.*

*For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by*

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street. - - - Boston.

# A College Town Pulpit.

MR. SUNDERLAND'S MONTHLY SERMONS.

**50 Cents a Year. 5 Cents a Number. Reduced rates in quantities.**

**Series for 1894-95.**

1. The Soul's Cry for God.
2. Jesus as Humanity's Ideal.
3. Sectarianism: Its Evils, Causes, and Cures.
4. The True Cross of Christ.
5. Was Jesus God? How he came to be worshipped.
6. Loyalty to Conviction.
7. Is Life a Blessing?
8. Robert Ingersoll's Treatment of the Bible.
9. A Religion for a Republic.
10. The Surest Way of Doing Good.

Order from Rev. J. T. SUNDERLAND, Ann Arbor, Mich.

# SOCIAL TOPICS.

**Social Equilibrium,** and Other Problems, Ethical and Religious By Rev. GEORGE BATCHELOR. 286 pages. Cloth, $1.50.

The capacity for broad sight, the calmness of the judicial mind, the earnestness of the prophet, the sympathy of the humanitarian, ought certainly, when combined, to produce something of value in the way of the solution of tangled problems, whether social or religious. In this book we find manifested this broad sight, this calmness, this earnestness, and this sympathy; and in their product we are not disappointed, but inspired and helped.

SOME OF THE TOPICS:

*Social Equilibrium; The Revolt of the Majority; The Future of the Minority; Religion its own Evidence; Righteousness its own Law; Free Thought; Heredity and Education; Heredity and Tradition in Morals; Ethics and Happiness; The Natural Meaning of the Word "Ought"; The Natural History of the Moral Ideal and the Law of Progress; Is it Religion vs. Righteousness?*

**Problems in American Society.** By JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER. [Some Social Studies.] 294 pages. Cloth, $1.25.

*I. The Student in American Life; II. Scientific Charity; III. The Root of the Temperance Problem; IV. The Political Conscience; V. Moral and Religious Instruction in our Public Schools; VI. The Religious Destitution of Villages.*

"Out of all the confusion of current theory, fanatical bitterness and shallow arrogance, comes now and then a calm and considerate work, treating burning questions with catholic liberality, really helpful to the seeker for wisdom, and giving hint of the survival we shall find when all this clamor and fermentation is over. Such a work is 'Problems in American Society.'"—*Detroit Free Press.*

**Social Problems.** By M. J. SAVAGE. 189 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

*Preliminary: Religion for this World; The Social Dream; Social Beginnings; Social Achievement; Social Barriers; The Rise of the Individual; Socialism; Social Responsibility; What is at Present Possible? Common School Education; Poverty, Personal and National; The Diminution of Evils.*

**Man, Woman and Child.** By M. J. SAVAGE. 200 pages. Cloth, $1.00.

CONTENTS: *The Man; The Woman; The Evolution of Marriage; Marriage To-day; The Child; The Home; Society; Celibacy; Divorce; Woman's Sphere; Careers for our Daughters; The Transfiguration of Humanity.*

**How we made a Nine-cent Dinner.** Explained in Full, with some other Economies. By Mrs. E. S. TURNER, the New Century Cooking School of Philadelphia. Paper, 10 cts.

**Coffee Houses and Coffee Palaces** in England. Compiled by JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE from English pamphlets. Paper, 20 cts.

**Topics of To-day.** Popular Lectures. Paper, 10 cts. each. The ten for 75 cts.

*For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price by*

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, - - - Boston.

# THE ESSENTIAL MAN:

A Monograph on Personal Immortality in the Light of Reason.

BY

GEORGE CROSWELL CRESSEY, Ph.D.

CONTENTS: Preface; I. The Conditions of the Problem; II. The Nature of Man; III. The Persistence of Mind, or Soul; IV. The Nature of the Universe; V. Personal Belief; VI. Conditional Immortality; VII. Conclusion.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

---

# MESSAGES OF FAITH, HOPE, AND .. LOVE ..

Selections for Every Day in the Year from the Writings of

## JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

---

"The sermons from which these selections are taken were written by one who during all his life abounded in hope, hope rooted in a faith in the never-failing goodness of a heavenly Father, a faith which grew only stronger and deeper in hours of sorrow and bereavement,—one in whom are realized the words of the apostle:—

"'Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;

"'Love never faileth.'

"These words, which have brought strength and comfort to those who heard them spoken, are now sent forth as messages to others."

PRICE, $1.00

---

*For sale by booksellers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by*

GEO. H. ELLIS, Publisher,

141 Franklin Street, Boston.